WOMEN HAVE TOLD

BY

AMY WELLINGTON

301.412 Wellington
W452w Women have told

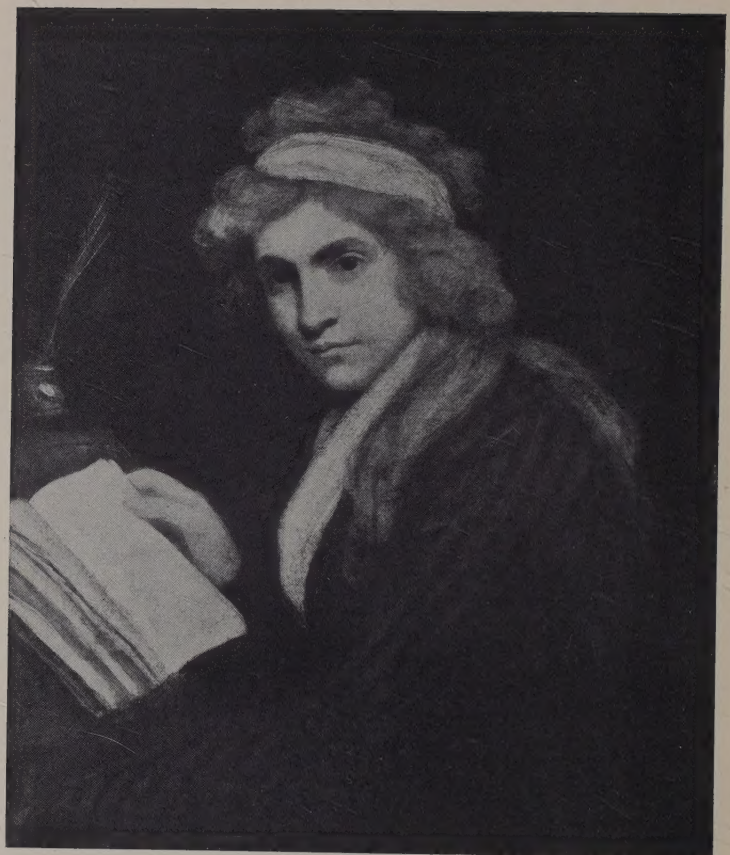
CHRISTIAN HERITAGE COLLEGE
2100 Greenfield Dr.
El Cajon, CA 92021

301.412
W452w
op
125
2nd

CHRISTIAN
HERITAGE
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

From
THE EVA SPILMER LIBRARY
OF MAN'S SEARCH FOR GOD

WOMEN HAVE TOLD



Copyright National Gallery, London

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

WOMEN HAVE TOLD

Studies in the Feminist Tradition

BY AMY WELLINGTON

30-5739
N/D

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON 1930

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

To help Mary to join
the women who have told —

12-1-30 Daddy —

Copyright, 1930,
By Little, Brown, and Company

All rights reserved

Published February, 1930

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Certain paragraphs in these essays are reprinted from the author's earlier reviews in *Current Opinion,* the *Dial* (Chicago), the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post,* and the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

38030

CONTENTS

Prelude	1
Pioneers	7
Mary Wollstonecraft	
Margaret Fuller	
The Poet	21
Elizabeth Barrett Browning	
The "Unfeminine" Brontës	35
Anne	
Charlotte	
Emily-Shirley	
George Eliot's Caution	59
The Chivalry of Meredith	77
Olive Schreiner	91
Charlotte Perkins Gilman	113
May Sinclair	133
Militancy and Ellen Glasgow	157
Rebecca West and the *Freewoman*	175
Conclusion	191
Select Bibliography	197

ILLUSTRATIONS

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT *Frontispiece*

From the painting by John Opie in the National Gallery, London

ANNE, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË 50

From a painting by their brother, Branwell, purchased in 1914 from Mrs. Arthur Bell Nicholls, by the National Portrait Gallery, London. ["One day," says Mrs. Gaskell, "Miss Brontë brought down a rough, common-looking oil painting, done by her brother, of herself — a little rather prim-looking girl of eighteen — and the two other sisters, girls of sixteen and fourteen, with cropped hair, and sad dreamy-looking eyes. . . . They were good likenesses, however badly executed."]

JOHN STUART MILL 82

From the painting by G. F. Watts in the National Portrait Gallery, London

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN 126

From a photograph

MAY SINCLAIR 150

From a photograph

PRELUDE

"We may safely assert that the knowledge which men can acquire of women, even as they have been and are, without reference to what they might be, is wretchedly imperfect and superficial, and always will be so, until women themselves have told all that they have to tell."

JOHN STUART MILL

PRELUDE

One December evening, the "Tomboy" was punging home after dark. It had been snowing all day long — one of those gentle clinging storms; lamp-posts and houses, the old church steeple, each common object, all touched with snow, loomed beautifully unfamiliar; but now, only a few last flakes glinted in the lamplight, and the white quiet streets were growing lively again. Boys and men were out with shovels, eager for the job of clearing a sidewalk, and sleighs ran easily along.

The "Tomboy" jumped off the back of a pung, with a good night to the obliging driver, and plunged down a side street. She made deep tracks with her new rubber boots and scooped up the snow for balls. Away they flew, hitting fence and lamp-post, cross old gentleman's neck, anything for a target, till suddenly she stopped with a half-made ball in her hand; for there

before her on the sidewalk was a woman shoveling — a woman in a calico dress, trying to keep a thin shawl about her shoulders while she scraped the snow into the gutter. The light from a street lamp fell on one of those quenched young faces not uncommon in that poor quarter of the town. The "Tomboy" had seen it often at the window.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"I want to get it done before my man comes home," answered the woman dully.

"Well, you go into the house and get warm, and I'll do it," said the child, impulsively seizing the shovel.

After a feeble resistance, the woman let go the handle and went indoors, looking back doubtfully; but the sturdy little girl, with the compelling dark eyes, began to cut the snow in neat blocks and toss them far into the street as she had seen men do. Her cheeks grew warm and rosy as her red tam-o'-shanter, and so did her strong little hands, until she was obliged to stop a minute and pull off her wet mittens. Just then she felt some one looking at her and, turn-

ing quickly, saw a man near the doorsteps — a big red-faced man in a woolen sweater and warm overcoat, carrying a dinner pail and smelling of whiskey. He was eyeing her curiously, but as soon as she saw him he went into the house without a word.

Presently the woman appeared, distressed and flurried. She put a nickel in the "Tomboy's" hand, saying: "My man told me to give you this."

"You keep it," returned the child. "But don't you let him know," she cautioned.

The woman's cold fingers shut greedily over the bit of money; she and the "Tomboy" were very close together now, and the child questioned passionately: "Why don't you run away from him? I would!"

"I can't," the woman faltered. "There's the baby; he's ailin' — and I ain't very strong yet. Besides, I can't find work. And *he* says he'd take the baby." Then, as if afraid of what she had uttered, the woman shrank within; and as the door closed upon her, the "Tomboy" heard a baby screaming.

Ah, the incomprehensible weakness and the

shame! She had never seen anything quite so bad as this; but she had heard women beg and plead — and lie; she had heard the drunken curse, she had watched her own mother's tears while her little heart was throbbing fiercely. As the "Tomboy" shoveled on in one of those wild revolts that rent her childhood, the blocks of snow weighed heavy and heavier, but she did not care; she did not care if her arms broke with aching; she would clear that sidewalk to the end, which she did scrupulously; then rang the doorbell, and the woman answered.

"Don't be afraid!" the child insisted, as she handed back the shovel; but the woman hastily shut the door in her face. She had said too much already, and she was afraid her man might hear.

So the "Tomboy" trudged wearily home, late to supper, thinking she was glad she wasn't a woman; but then, she had made up her mind long ago that she would "never be a woman!" And she thrust her little hands into her pockets with a sudden satisfaction, for she had earned a five-cent piece.

1898

PIONEERS

PIONEERS

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

The appearance of literary artists in the woman movement is comparatively recent, for the pioneers were too busy with their ideas to practice the art of literature. They were lonely and courageous thinkers, often fanatical propagandists, whose thoughts later were embodied in fiction, drama and poetry by the artists who reveal but rarely think in advance of their time. Mary Wollstonecraft, the "philosophising serpent" of Horace Walpole's frightened imagination, could write political polemics and essays of extraordinary educational value; she could deliver passionate vindications of the rights of both men and women; but her best known book of fiction was called "The Wrongs of Woman, or Maria", and the name perfectly indicates the depressing nature of its contents. Margaret

Fuller's power lay more in the spoken than the printed word and it was entirely critical and philosophic. Nevertheless, both Mary Wollstonecraft and Margaret Fuller belong to the feminist tradition in English literature; one as the origin of its most vital thought, the other as a gifted transmitter.

When, at the age of twenty-nine, Mary Wollstonecraft, a disturbing provincial governess, went to London as reader and translator for Johnson, the radical publisher, and began to contribute to his *Analytical Review,* she was conscious of being, as she uncomfortably expressed it, "the first of a new genus"; and when William Godwin noted in his diary of November 13, 1791: "Dine at Johnson's with Paine, Shovel, and Wollstonecraft; talk of monarchy, Tooke, Johnson, Voltaire, pursuits, religion," even this father of rebels never set down a more revolutionary statement. Moreover, he went to hear Thomas Paine and he heard only Wollstonecraft! The dissatisfied governess had finally found her place in the group of men who, gathered about their

publisher, Johnson, were leading the radical thought of England.

Mary Wollstonecraft's short life was turbulent and sorrowful. She grew up with the horror of marriage experienced by the little girl whose father is a drunkard, and who has lain "whole nights upon the landing-place" near her mother's chamber door, "ready to rush to the rescue if she heard sounds of violence." So her biographers tell us. Later, when she helped a younger sister to escape from a wretched union, she was looked upon as a "shameful incendiary." Throughout her generous and compassionate youth, and until she was thirty years old, Mary Wollstonecraft's energies were wholly absorbed by the struggle for existence. She worked as seamstress, governess, publisher's hack, careful to stinginess in her habits so that she might the better assist her brothers and sisters. Success, hard won, came in her profession.

Then she met and loved Fuseli; and he was married. She loved Gilbert Imlay with single-hearted and amazing devotion; and he deserted her and their child. She finally married Godwin

and died at the age of thirty-eight in giving birth to Mary Godwin Shelley, having tested the futility of "Platonic affection"; the tragic futility of impermanence in the sex relation; while, hand in hand, she and Godwin, two of the stoutest rebels against the marriage laws and conventions of that day, capitulated before the right of their child to be born in legal wedlock. To Imlay, the professed free-lover, Mary Wollstonecraft wrote in anguish and unmistakably: "You would render mothers unnatural — and there would be no such thing as a father."

"A Vindication of the Rights of Woman" is the epoch-making book with which we associate the name of Mary Wollstonecraft. It is now almost forgotten that this work was preceded by the equally dynamic "Vindication of the Rights of Men" (an answer to Burke's defense of the French monarch and nobility) and followed by a social analysis of the French Revolution. We should at least remember to give her most enduring book its relative position; for Mary Wollstonecraft, as a modern biographer rightly insists, was no "single-sex

fanatic." Her "Vindication" was not isolated propaganda. The book was put together hastily in about six weeks by a hard working professional writer at the request of her publisher, and probably on the advice of some of the most intellectual men of her day. Partly, it reads like a collection of her unsigned articles in the *Analytical Review*. Partly, it is an attack on the sex sophistries and lasciviousness of Rousseau. Throughout, it is not so much a vindication of women's rights as a passionate plea for their liberation and education. The simple basic argument appears clearly and completely in English literature for the first time that women, like men, are human beings, with the same economic, political and social rights. Such reasoning was a mental and moral upheaval, more terrifying in its way to the men and women of 1791 than the French Revolution. The ideas advanced, a century later, by Charlotte Gilman and Olive Schreiner, with scientific clarity and poetic beauty, were largely contained in this jumbled mass of eighteenth-century revolutionary thought and rhetoric.

To Rousseau's popular saying: "Educate women like men, and the more they resemble our sex the less power will they have over us," Mary Wollstonecraft opposed: "This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men, but over themselves." To his equally popular and pernicious assumption: "Formed to obey a being so imperfect as man, often full of vices, and always full of faults, she [woman] ought to learn betimes even to suffer injustice, and to bear the insults of a husband without complaint," she replied very keenly: "The being who patiently endures injustice, and silently bears insult, will soon become unjust or unable to discern right from wrong." And she penetrated deeper. She saw that just as tyranny of any kind is handed down from the stronger to the weaker, so, in the eighteenth-century patriarchal home, it rested at last upon the child, the most defenseless slave in human history.

Mary Wollstonecraft contested the divine right of husbands as strongly as she challenged the divine right of kings fifty-six years before

quiet Anne (of all the Brontës!) put that revolt into English fiction. She knew the gentleness of many tyrants and the tyranny of many slaves; she did not overlook the fact that indirectly and illicitly some women had too much power, that whole pages of history are blackened by the women who "governed their tyrants by sinister tricks"; but this did not alter her main contention that slavery, economic, political and social, was, at the end of the eighteenth century, chaining "the very soul of woman."

MARGARET FULLER

Mary Wollstonecraft left this world, which she so greatly and so passionately served, in 1797. Thirteen years later, in far-away New England, Margaret Fuller was born. She was a strange appearance in the intellectual life of Puritan Cambridge and Boston. A certain quality of genius, for which one searches almost in vain through the high-flown paragraphs and stilted phrases of her printed works, was the secret, one thinks, of her extraordinary power.

"I found myself in a new world of thought," wrote one of the Boston women who took part in those much ridiculed "Conversations"; "a flood of light irradiated all that I had seen in nature, observed in life, or read in books. Whatever she spoke of revealed a hidden meaning, and everything seemed to be put into true relation."

The life of Margaret Fuller, like the life of Mary Wollstonecraft, was short, laborious and, at the close, tragic. Her father, a puritanical lawyer and politician — a "man of business even in literature," to quote his daughter, was her earliest instructor. He put his prodigy through a forcing process which injured her health and resulted in such pedantry that her true life, as she herself became more and more painfully aware, was "secluded and veiled over by a thick curtain of available intellect." She was further handicapped by poverty.

Margaret Fuller was the first woman to edit an American literary magazine of any importance, Boston's transcendental *Dial*; and few have been her successors. Later, as literary critic and

writer on social problems for Horace Greeley's *Tribune,* her influence on American thought and letters was more extensive. Her social subjects included "The Rich Man", "The Poor Man", "Woman in Poverty." She defended prostitutes. Greeley records that once being asked how prostitutes appeared to her, Margaret Fuller answered: "As women like myself, save that they are victims of wrong and misfortune." She encountered the critical hostility of Lowell, Hawthorne and Poe, but she won the enduring friendship of Emerson and the support of Greeley.

In 1846, she went to England, meeting the ultra-masculine Carlyle with an amusing clash; then to Italy where all her faculties were soon employed in the revolution of '48. She married a young soldier of Mazzini, the Marquis Ossoli, and returning to America in the fullness of life and work, with a history of the Roman Republic among her papers and a beloved child in her arms, the ship was wrecked by a summer hurricane and sank within sight of the American coast. Margaret Fuller was lost, with her

husband and son. Only the dead body of her child and a trunk containing her Italian love letters were found on the shore. What was probably the major work of her life perished with her. For those four years in revolutionary Italy — years of strong, simple emotion, of heroic thought that was heroic action — had rent the "thick curtain of available intellect" with what result to American literature we can only conjecture. As it is, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" remains Margaret Fuller's most complete and important work.

On finishing this long essay, which developed from an article printed in *The Dial* (and entitled with what must have been a crushing survival of the paternal oratory: "The Great Lawsuit — Man versus Men; Women versus Woman"), she noted simply and prophetically: "I felt a delightful glow, as if I had put a good deal of my true life in it; as if, suppose I went away now, the measure of my footprint would be left on the earth." Yet one has to labor as patiently through the exasperating pedantry of Margaret Fuller as through the rhetorical en-

tanglements of Mary Wollstonecraft, only to find, in the end, that the American writer has said very little that was not put more directly and strongly by her greater English predecessor.

Margaret Fuller had an unsubstantial theory concerning woman's subjection to man, taken from her study of the classics, the Bible and literature in general. She rather vaguely urged upon women "self-subsistence — in its two forms of self-reliance and self-impulse." But of woman's life, as it was reflected in the popular novel of 1840, she wrote clearly and without pedantry: "I do not believe there was ever put upon record more despicable frivolity of thought and aim. . . . Compared with the cold, hard-hearted folly there described crime is hopeful; for it, at least, shows some power remaining in the mental constitution." "Now there is no woman, only an overgrown child," was her impatient and summary conclusion. If the ideal woman of her vision suggested the name "Glumdalclitch" to a witty contemporary, unnatural and absurd as she appeared to many,

still the form of a very different kind of woman was beginning to take shape, not only in the mind of Margaret Fuller but in the life of the world.

THE POET

THE POET

In his controversial study of the Victorian Age, G. K. Chesterton declares that not until the Brontës and George Eliot did the spirit of feminine unrest really enter our literature. These four novelists, he asserts, were the harbingers (obscurely evil) of the feminist movement, and quite equal, if not superior, to men in the making of Victorian fiction. But the modern English novel is feminine and domestic, Mr. Chesterton maintains, thus making it consistent with his fantastic medievalism that women should excel in this medium of expression — and in no other! Unfortunately, however, for the Chestertonian argument, the first great and consciously feminist imaginative writer in England was a poet, not a novelist, and her dominant themes were social and political, not domestic and cosy. Mr. Chesterton records with profound admiration that Elizabeth Barrett

Browning was one of the greatest Victorian poets, but he neglects to mention that she was the author of "Aurora Leigh." With this longest and most momentous of Mrs. Browning's poems, the fire of feminism, after much smouldering, blazed forth in English literature.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, unlike Margaret Fuller and Mary Wollstonecraft, was never obliged to waste her power on unimportant and distasteful tasks. An intensely active child, eager for knowledge yet gently independent of conventional teaching, she was crippled by invalidism at the age of fifteen. "Ah! when I was ten years old, I beat you all — you and Napoleon and all — in ambition," she wrote in after years from her invalid's couch to Richard Horne. But even here, in darkness often and sometimes in despair, her mind was valiantly active. A passion for reading and writing down her thoughts developed into the solid work of poetry. "I have *worked* at poetry," she once said; "it has not been with me reverie, but art."

As the invalid refused to be an amateur, so the poet refused to be a poetess. For Elizabeth

Barrett Browning, there was no sex in the highest poetry. Her work stood alone, quite apart from her personal life. George Eliot did not write a novel until she was encouraged to do so by George Henry Lewes. She was uncertain of her power and dependent upon Lewes for suggestion and support. No such relation existed between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Mrs. Browning, moreover, wanted no critical consideration for her sex in literature, no gallant laudation,

> "Expressing the comparative respect
> Which means the absolute scorn."

"You have rouged me up to the eyes," she wrote disapprovingly to Horne. "You will please me best by speaking out the truth as it occurs to you, broadly, roughly, coarsely, in its whole dimensions." Her feminist intention was early apparent. "Please to recollect," she said about 1844 (the date is important) to this same correspondent, "that when I talk of women, I do not speak of them as many men do — according to a separate, peculiar and womanly stand-

ard, but according to the common standard of human nature."

George Eliot was profoundly socialistic in her thought, Mrs. Browning individualistic, democratic and far more revolutionary. There was a slow and even stubborn caution in George Eliot's presentation of her most radical ideas, beside which Mrs. Browning appeared recklessly bold. George Eliot held herself aloof from politics, the too conscious artist. With Mrs. Browning, as later with Olive Schreiner, politics became a matter of life and death. Italy, her adopted country, was to her "from the first a living fire," said the sculptor, Story. She did not prudently deplore, she was intensely angered by England's indifference to the Italian struggle for independence; and her indignation found burning lyrical utterance in "Poems Before Congress." The Treaty of Villafranca hastened her death.

For Mrs. Browning's conception of the poet's function was neither decorative nor superhuman. It had a direct relation to industry and politics.

"Ay, and while your common men
Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,
And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
For kings to walk on, or our president,
The poet suddenly will catch them up
With his voice like a thunder, — 'This is soul,
This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
Here's God down on us! what are you about?' "

The oppressed small nation, women, children, the weak and inarticulate everywhere held Mrs. Browning's poetic allegiance. When she wrote "The Cry of the Children", she did not need to "investigate" the factory system. Enough for the poet that children were working in factories. She saw in every yard of cloth the blood of little children. "God is down on us!" And the invalid in her darkened room, the poet with the "flaming heart", wrote those lines which will accuse our civilization until the last factory door closes on the last little child that gives its life for a living. In the industrial world organized by men, wherein child labor is still an asset, here, at last, was the woman's voice in poetry expressing with supreme power its eternal condemnation.

"As yet," said John Stuart Mill in 1869, "very few women dare tell anything which men, on whom their literary success depends, are unwilling to hear." There could be no better illustration of this masculine predominance in Victorian literature than the fact that Thackeray, apologetic but firm, rejected, for the *Cornhill Magazine,* Mrs. Browning's poem, "Lord Walter's Wife." He thought it might offend Mr. and Mrs. Grundy. The point of view was unfamiliar, and it was feminine. A woman and wife speaks at last in English poetry, unfolding the nature of his desire to the friend of her husband, who cherishes for her what he considers a romantic passion. She will not avoid him. She does not "repulse" him. She simply tears away the sentimental veil from his lust in no uncertain words — and remains the friend of her husband's friend.

When that unhappy domestic tyrant, Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett, proudly encouraged his darling to write poetry, and good Miss Mitford advised her to get away from the classics and occupy herself with some modern, everyday,

human theme, neither of them could possibly foresee "Aurora Leigh." The poem appeared in 1856; but by that time, Mr. Moulton-Barrett had long ceased to be his daughter's father, and Miss Mitford was where she could not, presumably, communicate to any one on earth her horror and surprise. For no such definite and all-inclusive declaration of woman's independence had ever before appeared in English poetry. No Tennysonian princess, this Aurora Leigh, but a modern woman facing the common problems of woman's life in the nineteenth century!

> "The honest, earnest man must stand and work,
> The woman also — otherwise she drops
> At once below the dignity of man,
> Accepting serfdom."

The dramatic conflict in the poem is twofold: between socialism and the poet's revolutionary individualism, and between Romney Leigh's conception of Aurora as the ideal complementary wife, inspirer and servant of his own great vision, and Aurora's affirmation of her integrity

as a human being, responsible in work and life directly to her Creator. Into this dramatic and poetic conflict, Mrs. Browning did not hesitate to introduce the sordid subject of women and economics. She thought it basic.

Aurora inherits a small sum of money from an aunt. Her rejected cousin tries to increase the amount by a little financial fiction. But he finds Aurora no sweet almstaker. She questions him shrewdly until, in self-defense, he is forced to say:

> "You'll trust me, cousin, as a gentleman,
> To keep your honor, as you count it, pure."

Then Aurora answers:

> "I believe
> In no one's honor which another keeps."

She asks for an accounting:

> "You face, today,
> A man who wants instruction, mark me, not
> A woman who wants protection. As to a man,
> Show manhood, speak out plainly, be precise
> With facts and dates."

But this, Romney Leigh cannot do. There are no facts and dates to assist him. So Aurora goes to London with her pittance,

> "To the gathering-place of souls,
> To live mine straight out, vocally, in books."

Then come those strange, grave, penetrating words to the women of her day from the depths of this new experience:

> "Three years I lived and worked. Get leave to work
> In this world — 'tis the best you get at all;
> For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
> Than men in benediction. God says "Sweat
> For foreheads," men say "crowns," and so we are crowned,
> Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
> Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work;
> Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

A veil is torn from the white slave traffic in the tragedy of Marian Erle. But out of past evil, God brings present good. Out of the hell of sexual crime comes the consecration of motherhood and a new unmasculine definition of the "womanly woman." Says Marian Erle:

"I might sleep well beneath the heavy Seine,
Like others of my sort; the bed was laid
For us. But any woman, womanly,
Had thought of him who should be in a month."

The farthest thoughts of the women of her day, half-formed or inarticulate, their intolerable weakness and their deadly corruption, were voiced by Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh." But it was into the mouth of Romney Leigh, and not Aurora, that she put her most profound criticism of woman as she existed, socially feeble and circumscribed, in the early part of the nineteenth century:

"The human race
To you means, such a child, or such a man.
. . . . . Why, I call you hard
To general suffering. Here's the world half blind
With intellectual light, half brutalized
With civilization, . . . mad with pain
And sin too! . . . does one woman of you all
(You who weep easily) grow pale to see
This tiger shake his cage? — does one of you
Stand still from dancing, stop from stringing pearls,
And pine and die because of the great sum
Of universal anguish? . . .

"Women as you are,
Mere women, personal and passionate,
You give us doting mothers, and perfect wives,
Sublime Madonnas, and enduring saints!
We get no Christ from you, — and verily
We shall not get a poet."

But already, in Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the age-long pain and growing unrest of women had found their poet.

THE "UNFEMININE" BRONTËS

THE "UNFEMININE" BRONTËS

ANNE

"No slave is a slave to the same lengths, and in so full a sense of the word, as a wife is," wrote John Stuart Mill in one of the most chivalrous defenses ever made of one sex by the other. "However brutal a tyrant she may unfortunately be chained to . . . he can claim from her and enforce the lowest degradation of a human being, that of being made the instrument of an animal function contrary to her inclinations." But John Stuart Mill did not write novels; and it was not his friend, George Eliot, or Charlotte Brontë, or even the intrepid Emily, who first conspicuously questioned in English literature this divine right of husbands, but young, gentle Anne, in "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." When Anne Brontë "slammed the door of Mrs.

Huntingdon's bedroom," says May Sinclair, "she slammed it in the face of society and all existing moralities and conventions. . . . Thackeray, with the fear of Mrs. Grundy before his eyes, would have shrunk from recording Mrs. Huntingdon's ultimatum to her husband." George Eliot, we know, would have killed that husband rather than risk such a conjugal crisis. But Anne Brontë, pious and unflinchingly true to her observation of life from the governess's corner of the drawing-room, was not at all afraid.

Anne Brontë was not discontented as a governess. A situation which to Charlotte was a "dreary 'gin-horse' round" and to Emily no less than death, Anne found quite tolerable. She was not dissatisfied, but she was made unhappy. After six years of service, she recorded in her diary: "I have had some very unpleasant and undreamt of experience of human nature." When Anne came to write her second and more popular novel, she simply set down those "unpleasant" impressions. For Anne Brontë was a realist with a moral purpose and under the com-

pulsion, no matter how hateful, of recording exactly what she saw in life, no more and no less. In vain did Charlotte remonstrate with her (Charlotte thought first, that "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" should never have been written, then that the book should not be "preserved"); in vain did both her sisters beg Anne to desist when they saw with what anguish she labored at her task. She was under the higher compulsion of writing what she knew; and she continued steadfastly to the end. Lacking the poetic genius of Emily and the romantic passion of Charlotte, Anne yet possessed a rare quality of her own — the quality of pure observation and precise statement. She called her novel at first, one suspects, "Passages in the Life of an Individual." Emily, more sympathetic than Charlotte, suggested, possibly, the poetic but misleading title, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall."

The story is told in improbable letters and still more improbable diaries. Mrs. Huntingdon, the heroine, has an unfortunate habit of emptying the contents of her mind on paper di-

rectly under the eye — and hand — of her tyrant. Nevertheless, she is a new kind of heroine; for, wretchedly married and succeeding at last (in spite of her diary) in the endeavor to run away with her child and hide securely, she does not cling to her brother for support. She paints landscapes, and she paints them well enough to earn a living for her child and herself.

Helen Huntingdon is dull, one must confess. She moralizes interminably; and the reader is obliged to share her little boy's "silent wonder" at his mother's discourse. Nothing can disturb her feeling of superiority, or the belief in her own entirely deserved final resting-place in heaven. But Mrs. Huntingdon's story is not so dull as Mrs. Huntingdon. One settles down to her diary of events, unwilling to skip a page. The reader is certainly seeing life through the eyes of Anne Brontë. Those sporting gentlemen and sportive ladies, whose habits, Anne observes, are such a tax on families and nations, the parasitic vices and amiabilities, all are described with the mournful accuracy of a visiting angel.

Before her rebellion, Helen Huntingdon is an

exemplary wife, according to the period. When her husband returns to his home, tired and sick after weeks of dissipation, she confides to her diary: "He likes to have me near him; and though he is peevish and testy with his servants and his dogs, he is gentle and kind to me. What he would be if I did not so watchfully anticipate his wants, and so carefully avoid, or immediately desist from doing anything that has a tendency to irritate or disturb him, with however little reason, I cannot tell."

But Anne Brontë had a sense of humor — a quiet little sense of humor — even if she did not bestow it on her heroine; and it was most frequently roused by the absurdities of women's traditional position in life. Thus she wrote in the spirit of pure comedy of Mrs. Markham and her idolized son, and the mother's advice concerning his prospective bride: "You'll do your business, and she, if she's worthy of you, will do hers; but it's your business to please yourself, and hers to please you."

Above all, at a time when the rake was still a gay and debonair figure in English fiction,

Anne Brontë made her heroine turn in disgust from his rakishness, reject him finally as the father of her children, and fear him as she would the plague. Anne saw clearly that the only solution of Helen Huntingdon's problem was flight and self-support. Secrecy was necessary to protect her child and herself from the laws that protected Mr. Huntingdon. There is no more exciting chapter in the Brontë novels than the one which describes that final escape and flight.

CHARLOTTE

Mrs. Huntingdon, says May Sinclair, was "one of the first in the long line of insurgent modern heroines." Yet Frances Henri, in Charlotte Brontë's first novel, "The Professor", was far more revolutionary. Helen Huntingdon revolted from slavery in an unhappy marriage, Frances Henri from economic dependence in a happy one. There is half a century of thought between the two.

It is astonishing that Charlotte Brontë should

have announced in the belated preface to her first discarded sober work of realism (published after her death) : "I said to myself that my hero should work his way through life as I had seen real living men work theirs — that no sudden turns [so indispensable to the Victorian novelist!] should lift him in a moment to wealth and high station." It is doubly astonishing that her heroine did likewise in a fictional world of helpless parasites. This experiment in realism was declined by publisher after publisher, and in a manner which roused Charlotte Brontë's satire. "Until an author has tried to dispose of a manuscript of this kind," she wrote, "he can never know what stores of romance and sensibility lie hidden in breasts he would not have suspected of casketing such treasures." The publishers wanted fiction "strange, startling and harrowing"; and she gave them "Jane Eyre."

There is something, however, to be said on the publishers' side; for even Frances Henri, original and charming, cannot save us at times from the boredom of Crimsworth's narrative — Professor Crimsworth, who is so dangerously

like Jane Eyre in trousers and deprived of Jane's romantic temperament. Nevertheless, when Charlotte Brontë made young Frances Henri say serenely to the Professor, "Think of my marrying you to be kept by you, Monsieur!" and Crimsworth, convinced of his wife's inalienable right to work, replied, "You speak God's truth!" the situation was both "strange" and "startling"; for no woman in English fiction (and very few out of it!) had ever before so spoken. And the two teachers were married. They started a school together; and Frances Crimsworth's superior executive ability did not annul the joy of motherhood or companionship with her husband. She was more than insurgent, she was a twentieth century heroine. No wonder she had difficulty in finding a mid-Victorian publisher.

When Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" appeared, an eccentric, strong-minded shopkeeper in Wellington, New Zealand, Mary Taylor by name, Charlotte's close friend (who lives today as Rose Yorke in "Shirley"), wrote to the author concerning two reviewers. "Neither

of them," she said, "seems to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first-rate talents, industry, and integrity, should live all her life in a walking nightmare of 'poverty and self-suppression.' I doubt whether any of them will." They did not, as we know; and Charles Kingsley voiced for all the pious Victorian point of view when he wrote to Mrs. Gaskell: "You have . . . given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by suffering." In sharpest contrast stands today Mary Taylor's bitter eulogy on the sacrificed life of her friend.

The Brontë sisters, Mary Taylor, Ellen Nussey (the beloved Ellen of Charlotte's letters) and other poor young gentlewomen of their acquaintance, were faced with the difficult problem of self-support; self-support, marriage, or degrading dependence on masculine relatives. Mary Taylor (a born rebel) throwing ladydom to the winds, emigrated to New Zealand and there successfully "set up a shop." "There are no means for a woman to live in England," she said, "but by teaching, sewing, or washing. The

last is the best. The best paid, the least unhealthy, and the most free." We know how gallantly the Brontës labored, Anne and Charlotte as teachers, Emily in the comparative freedom of parsonage housekeeper. (Emily "in reality," noted scrupulous Anne, "earns her food and raiment as much as we do.") When Charlotte Brontë went for a walk with one of the more amiable of her employers and his children, she "had orders to follow a little behind." To Emily, she wrote about this time: "I could like to work in a mill. I could feel mental liberty."

"Literature," wrote Southey kindly in a letter to the young aspiring Charlotte, "cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be." She thanked him (too respectfully) for his counsel, and continued secretly to acquire a profession. "Though Charlotte patiently tolerated advice," observed Mary Taylor, "she could always quietly put it aside, and do as she thought fit." So it was with "Jane Eyre." Charlotte Brontë listened to the publishers; she even gave them what they wanted; but she did it in her own disturbing way.

Jane Eyre is remarkable more as a breaker of traditions than, like Frances Henri, a maker of new ones. "Until her time," May Sinclair points out, "no heroine had been permitted to be plain." Little Jane had green eyes and irregular, strongly marked features. Until her hour, no well-conducted heroine had been permitted to tell her love unsought. Jane, in a mighty passion, "made the offer." Moreover, she had strong notions about retaining her usefulness and integrity as a human being, and not sinking into parasitism even as the prospective bride of that colossal idler, Mr. Edward Fairfax Rochester. She repelled her lover (and doubtless many of her readers) with strange remarks about seraglios, and refused to count herself a legal addition to the bold list of Mr. Rochester's mistresses. Jane was, in truth, a "harrowing" creation in English fiction, though not precisely as the publishers required.

"If 'Jane Eyre' be the production of a woman, she must be a woman unsexed," said a terrified reviewer; and one unwary critic "praised the book if written by a man, and pro-

nounced it 'odious' if the work of a woman;" which drew forth a haughty declaration of the novelist's independence of sex. "To you [the critics]," replied "Currer Bell", "I am neither man nor woman — I come before you as an author only. It is the sole standard by which you have a right to judge me — the sole ground on which I accept your judgment." And to George Henry Lewes, she wrote, still under cover of her deliberately chosen neuter *nom de plume:* "I wish you did not think me a woman . . . You will, I know, keep measuring me by some standard of what you deem becoming to my sex . . . Come what will, I cannot, when I write, think always . . . of what is elegant and charming in femininity; it is not on those terms, or with such ideas, I ever took pen in hand: and if it is only on such terms my writing will be tolerated, I shall pass away from the public and trouble it no more." There had been brave talks with Emily in the old parsonage at Haworth before Charlotte Brontë made her declaration and wrote that letter.

EMILY-SHIRLEY

"Emily Brontë is the sphinx of our modern literature," says Clement Shorter. "She came into being in the family of an obscure clergyman, and she went out of it at thirty years of age without leaving behind her one single significant record which was any key to her character or to her mode of thought." Yet Mr. Shorter's own industry (which leaves the world his debtor) in discovering and editing, not only the undestroyed portion of Emily Brontë's manuscripts, but hundreds of letters written by Charlotte, wherein Emily is most clearly revealed, gives us the key. For Charlotte, whose romantic success in fiction never blinded her to Emily's higher poetic quality and astounding potentialities, was equally clairvoyant concerning the character of her greater young sister. Two bits of diary, two short notes and the self-revelation of her poems apart, it is through the medium of Charlotte that we must forever see Emily Brontë; in Charlotte's letters, in her introduction to "Wuthering Heights" and to her

sisters' poems; above all in the character of Shirley Keeldar, created in part when Emily's dead body lay under the aisle of Haworth Church but while she was still a living presence in Charlotte's tortured memory.

The author of "Wuthering Heights" left her Yorkshire home only four times in her short life, to study and to teach. Each time, she sickened, not so much for home as for the moors, and not so much for the moors as for liberty. "Liberty," said Charlotte, "was the breath of Emily's nostrils. Without it she perished." In the Brussels school, whither she went with Charlotte, Professor Héger, who had her in charge, exclaimed, "She should have been a man!" "Her powerful reason," he told Mrs. Gaskell, "would have deduced new spheres of discovery from the old." And he retreated, discomfited and amazed, before the challenge of her logic. Monsieur Héger could domineer over the more docile Charlotte. She loved him with a pupil's ardent devotion. But over Emily, he had no power. She questioned his method of teaching.

Copyright National Portrait Gallery, London

ANNE, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Nine months' servitude as a teacher followed Emily Brontë's school days — "hard labor," wrote Charlotte, "from six in the morning until near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between . . . I fear she will never stand it." She did not; and thereafter, as one of the sisters must remain at home, Emily chose the task; to wash and bake in the parsonage kitchen (her bread, we are told, was "always light and excellent"); patiently to lead the raving or maudlin Branwell safely to his bed late at night, until even she with her large charity (the charity of the very brave and tender) must needs admit her brother was a "hopeless being"; to tramp the moors, in joyous recreation, with her dog. In such an environment, "Wuthering Heights", that singular work of stark realism and tragic poetry, was created, and the soul of Emily Brontë wrought itself into undying rhythmic form.

In September, 1848, Branwell Brontë died; his father and Emily were released from their lonely night watches. Emily could now come to her writing with quiet nerves and unwearied

brain; but it was too late. The family heritage was hers, — pain in the chest, cough, shortness of breath. She left the parsonage only once after Branwell's death. Her indomitable will was now set against "poisoning doctors," and Charlotte's letters to friends became one cry of agony as she watched that lonely young combat with death. "Day by day," Charlotte wrote, looking back on that dark time, "when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked upon her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

On the very day of her death, Emily Brontë rose, dressed herself, went downstairs alone, and began to sew. At noon, pain broke her will, and she whispered to her sisters, "If you will send

for a doctor, I will see him now." Two hours later, she was gone. In Emily Brontë's old brown desk box, after her death, was found a review giving preëminence in both prose and verse to Charlotte. As if in ironical comment, her "Last Lines" lay beside it, voicing with unparalleled simple grandeur the mystic's certainty of the indestructibility of the human soul.

Emily Brontë died with her genius unacknowledged, and for years her work was neglected; but those who knew her best knew best her greatness. Her death made life empty for Charlotte. "Life has become very void," she wrote, and she suffered from overwhelming despair. The death of Anne, a few months later, left no such void, only an added grief. Then, out of that emptiness, conquering her despair, Charlotte began to create. She took the sad wasted body of her great sister and made it a thing of health and beauty, clothed it in purple and fine linen, transforming Emily, in luxuriant, happy fancy, into a "gem-tinted bird of paradise" (this was Charlotte's revenge on reality!); with love and reverence, showed us the spirit

of genius which resided in that young body, and called the presence Shirley. "Such a type," says May Sinclair, "had never invaded literature before." For Shirley Keeldar, with her boy's name, was placed in the center of early nineteenth century Yorkshire business and politics, the active young squire, "Captain Keeldar" self-styled (was not Emily "the Major"?), clothier, mill owner and farmer, and entirely unwilling to occupy the traditional corner of woman. She, herself, was the beginning of a new tradition in English fiction.

Shirley rebuked for whistling to the birds, like a boy, is Emily. That "generous yet soft fire" in her eyes is the "kind, kindling" light of Emily's. When Charlotte makes old Helstone say there are not "ten thousand men in England as genuinely fearless" as Shirley, she is thinking of Emily's courage. "Captain Keeldar," in high wrath, "with ruffled and darkened brow, curled lip and incensed eye," is Emily, we know; and those venturesome persons who are not terrified by this aspect of the Squire, take to flight at the entrance of her dog, Tartar, who is Keeper —

Emily's Keeper, half mastiff, half bulldog. One has a vision of scrimmages, not only in Shirley's ancestral hall, but at the door of Haworth Parsonage, with timid curates on the run, Keeper in the ascendant, and Emily Brontë looking on in silent laughter. Shirley's voice of command is Emily's voice, and its "musical softness" her impenetrable silence, her pity and her tenderness.

In one particular, Shirley, "the heiress" (as Charlotte never tires of calling her), is not at all like Emily. She is indolent. She does not write down her thoughts. But that figure in the "still parlour", by the "clean hearth", is Emily Brontë, we know. She has been reading, seated on the floor, with Keeper stretched beside her, one hand on his sleepy head. She rises and walks up and down, up and down, in the dim light, "and her eye seeks, and her soul possesses, the vision of life as she wishes it." For this world was not good to Emily Brontë. She distrusted and defied it. She had bold and wayward theories which Charlotte could not always share. But still under the inspiration of her

great sister's life and thought, she, too, had a vision — a vision of woman's life on earth and of woman in the future.

"Milton tried to see the first woman," Shirley confides to her young companion, Caroline; "but . . . he saw her not." "You are bold to say so, Shirley." "Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw." Then Shirley presents her own poetic vision: "The first woman's breast that heaved with life on this world yielded the daring which could contend with Omnipotence; the strength which could bear a thousand years of bondage, — the vitality which could feed that vulture death through uncounted ages, — the unexhausted life and uncorrupted excellence, sisters to immortality, which, after millenniums of crimes, struggles, and woes, could conceive and bring forth a Messiah."

These may be Charlotte's words. They sound like Emily's. Anyway, they were inspired by Emily, by Emily's thought and Emily's vision. There is a curious break in expression between what seem Emily's words and indisputable concluding Charlotte: "Vast was the heart whence

gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation." The description which follows of the "Woman-Titan" is also Charlotte: "Her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders." But it was Emily, one ventures to assert, who first saw that "Woman-Titan" kneeling on the hills where "face to face she speaks with God," no man-made religion of death and fear as intermediary.

Emily Brontë's biographer, Madame Duclaux, quotes Sidney Dobell as saying: "We have only to imagine Shirley Keeldar poor to imagine her repulsive;" — and very "unfeminine", very "repulsive", one has no doubt, Emily Brontë appeared to many people in her day.

GEORGE ELIOT'S CAUTION

GEORGE ELIOT'S CAUTION

In George Eliot's novels, we find no fiery or pedantic assertion of feminism, no singing of the rebellious soul of woman, no great vision, only a presentation, unerring and gently satirical, of women's dependent position in Victorian society. What John Stuart Mill concentrated with passionate and irrefutable logic in his essay, "The Subjection of Women", George Eliot distributed throughout her writings without great warmth but with no less definiteness of purpose.

Mill contended against the doctrine, in 1869 still religiously upheld, that "men have a right to command and women are under an obligation to obey, or that men are fit for government and women unfit." He would not let the men and women of his day forget, much as they wanted to do so (for the fact had become unpleasant), that English wives were still the bond

servants of their husbands. "Marriage is the only actual bondage known to our law. There remain no legal slaves, except the mistress of every house," he flung in the face of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy; and there was hardly a morbid or tragic consequence of this subjection which he did not expose. George Eliot made no such contention, and she was careful in her disclosures. Caution, either inherent or imposed upon her by the conditions of her life, bade her hold back. She never gave us a heroine who lived, like herself, in open and dignified opposition to an unjust marriage law. She never gave us a heroine so radical as Felix Holt.

For George Eliot did not live in the free spirit of revolt, in a remote country parsonage, but in literary London's spirit of compromise — editorial compromise. She was a reviewer and editor long before she printed, at the age of thirty-seven, her article on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists" and began the more constructive criticism of writing fiction. Her first novel was a carefully built success, so cautious and so heedful of George Henry Lewes's suggestions

that its original feminine intention was lost.

Dinah, in "Adam Bede", is pure mystic and poet, a true forerunner of that religious outpouring of women's lives in social work at the end of the nineteenth century. "It's very blessed on a bleak cold day, when the sky is hanging dark over the hill, to feel the love of God in one's soul, and carry it to the lonely, bare, stone houses, where there's nothing else to give comfort."

This is Dinah as George Eliot conceived her, the inspired mill worker, living a laborious life apart, consecrated to the poor and the suffering. So she would have lived, so she would have died, one thinks, had not Mr. Lewes made other arrangements. "Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George," her author recorded; and here is where she lost her — lost that Dinah who heard the mystic call to something other than wifehood and motherhood; and in her place appears a figure of frightful Victorian piousness, interminably praying and exhorting, until, with Hetty in the prison, there is more of God in Adam's rage and tears than

in Dinah's prayers. Nor does one believe that Adam, the man of strong, torturing passion for one of the Hettys of this world, would ever have cared to make a wife of Dinah. Mr. Lewes's suggestion played havoc with the woman's wisdom of George Eliot.

The enduring magic of the title, "The Mill on the Floss", was the work of George Eliot's publisher. Neither she nor Mr. Lewes could think of a better name for her third novel than "Sister Maggie" or "The House of Tulliver." Yet "Sister Maggie" most closely expresses the author's intention. The predominant interest of the novel for her was in the relation of Maggie to Tom Tulliver, and not in the tangle of their unhappy affairs; in the contrast between the girl's life and the boy's, between masterful young manhood and suppressed young womanhood in early Victorian society. It is all so movingly revealed. "No doubt," says Mr. Cross, in "George Eliot's Life," "the early part of Maggie's portraiture is the best autobiographical representation we can have of George Eliot's own feelings in her childhood."

Mr. Tulliver, making careful plans for Tom's education, thinks of the bright little girl whom he loves, and voices, in his own delightful way, his day and generation: "She's twice as 'cute as Tom. Too 'cute for a woman, I'm afraid . . . It's no mischief much while she's a little un, but an over-'cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep — she'll fetch none the bigger price for that." The father is confronted by a rather common and perplexing fact. Maggie likes to study, and Tom is more concerned with fishing-rod and hook. "I picked the mother because she wasn't o'er-'cute," he ponders, "for I wasn't a-goin' to be told the rights o' things by my own fireside. But you see when a man's got brains himself, there's no knowing where they'll run to; an' a pleasant sort o' soft woman may go on breeding you stupid lads and 'cute wenches, till it's like as if the world was turned topsy-turvy."

Nevertheless, Mr. Tulliver proceeds according to custom. Tom is given an education while Maggie stays at home to make patchwork with her mother. "It's foolish work," the little girl protests, "tearing things to pieces to sew 'em

together again;" and she struggles, independently, to keep up with Tom in his studies. "Girls can't do Euclid: can they, sir?" the boy questions his master, already beginning to feel superiority over his sister. Then answers the pedagogic wisdom of that day: "They can pick up a little of everything, I dare say. They've a great deal of superficial cleverness; but they couldn't go far into anything. They're quick and shallow." Poor Mr. Tulliver, bankrupt and death-stricken, consoles himself: "Tom'll grow up . . . I've done what I could . . . I've given him a eddication . . . and there's the little wench, she'll get married." The darkest tragedy of woman's life in the first half of the nineteenth century is encompassed in these homely words.

Tom Tulliver can never quite understand his sister's feelings or fathom her intentions. She is too weak for him, and too strong, and altogether incalculable. At the age of sixteen, Tom is securely placed in his uncle's business, and soon becomes head of the fallen House of Tulliver. When Maggie complains of harshness in his masterful young conduct, he answers her with

honest decision: "No, I'm not harsh. I'm always kind to you; and so I shall be: I shall always take care of you. But you must mind what I say." Maggie passes from a state of hopeless submission (and "there is no hopelessness so sad as that of early youth," her author tells us) to passionate rebellion, and Tom knows no better than to turn bully and braggart. Then the sister decides, at any cost, to be independent of her brother. Handicapped by lack of training, with no one to help her, she goes out into a hostile world, like thousands of other women since her day, to earn a living in any way she can find. "I can't live in dependence. I can't live with my brother . . . He would like to provide for me; but that would be intolerable to me."

"We don't ask what a woman does — we ask whom she belongs to," says Lawyer Wakem. But Maggie Tulliver definitely refuses to belong to any one. She cannot be entirely submissive even in her strong young love for Stephen Guest. Stephen thinks (and perhaps rightly) that Maggie's love for him is a "miserable

thing" when it permits conflict with other and older loyalties; and when those loyalties finally conquer, and she leaves him with a supreme exertion of will, that act, one thinks, should mark the beginning and not the end of Maggie Tulliver. One can forgive George Eliot much, but never this, that just as Maggie attains complete independence of thought and action, she kills her. And worse! Before Maggie's death, she makes her enact the old masculine melodrama of the "fallen woman."

After parting with Stephen, Maggie's mind, we are told (but never believe) is "unswervingly bent on returning to her brother, as the natural refuge that has been given to her." Maggie Tulliver knows her brother; she knows that he will "cast her from his door;" and the pitiful spectacle of that weak-minded mother and weaker-minded daughter turning together from Tom Tulliver's house, is not precisely the kind of pathos that George Eliot (or was it Mr. Lewes?) intended. The catastrophe which follows — that terrified clinging together of brother and sister, equals once again as they are

swept to death in the river current — is no solution whatever of the woman's problem involved. It was part of George Eliot's disappointing caution that she should present such problems and then refuse to solve them.

In provincial Middlemarch, among the gentry, women are "expected to have very weak opinions," but Miss Dorothea Brooke has strong and stubborn ones. She, also, has inherited a small sustaining fortune, and early makes the radical discovery that "it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all, than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it." Naturally, she turns a deaf ear to the suit of Sir James Chettam, whose opinion is unalterable that "every lady ought to be a perfect horsewoman, that she may accompany her husband;" but, unfortunately, she attracts the attention of the Reverend Mr. Casaubon.

Dorothea, like many another aspiring young woman of her day — and later — looks upon marriage as a stepping-stone to "the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide." She chooses

Mr. Casaubon. "I thought you liked your own opinion — liked it, you know," is her uncle's lightly expressed warning. But Dorothea presses on. "The great charm of your sex," says Mr. Casaubon, "is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection." Even this does not halt Dorothea. She marries Mr. Casaubon. Then, gradually, in perplexity and sorrow, her "native strength of will" is "all converted into resolute submission." Mr. Casaubon not only rules Dorothea while he lives, he attempts to do so, by the provisions of his will, after his death. Nothing but the suddenness of that release saves her enslaved and compassionate youth from a sutteevow of perpetual widowhood.

A widow and free, Dorothea shows a surviving inclination to think and act for herself, but submission to the masculine guide has grown so habitual that she is obliged to make an effort "not to be afraid" in opposing even her amiable brother-in-law. So Dorothea stumbles along, always a little different from the other well-bred ladies of her acquaintance, conceiving unheard-of opinions and trying to give them

practical expression, until she finally marries the radical young politician, Will Ladislaw, and her life is filled with supplementary activities which she has not "the doubtful pains of discovering and marking out for herself."

But even the young radical's love for Dorothea is "accompanied with a chilling sense of remoteness" as he listens to the soundness of her reasoning and her eloquence in social and political matters. "A man is seldom ashamed of feeling," her author remarks, "that he cannot love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her: nature having intended greatness for men. But nature has sometimes made sad oversights in carrying out her intention." All the good-humored subtlety of George Eliot's feminism is in this observation. No one, not even Will Ladislaw who loves her, sees clearly the potential woman in Dorothea (the creature "so substantive and rare") except the poor, half-strangled husband of that all-enveloping parasite, Rosamund Vincy. "She seems to have what I never saw in any woman before," Dr. Lydgate marvels, "a fountain of friendship

towards men — a man can make a friend of her."

Rosamund Vincy is George Eliot's most finished portrait of the complete and destructive parasite among women. In "Daniel Deronda", she presents another kind of parasite, not so perfect, but no less deadly. Gwendolen Harleth, the petted daughter of a widowed and impoverished mother, has a desire for self-support and honest living, even if it is neither a strong nor a lasting one. The perfectly evident intention of Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt to master any unfortunate female whom he elects to purchase, legally or illegally, does not frighten Gwendolen so much as Professor Klesmer's picture of the hard work, self-denial and uncertain rewards of professional life. She chooses Grandcourt, a dishonorable marriage, with parasitism on a most obnoxious parasite.

"Oh, child, men's men," says the miller's wife to her daughter on Gwendolen's wedding day, "gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness. I've heard my mother say Squire Pelton used to take his dogs and a long whip into his wife's room, and flog 'em there to frighten her." Mr.

Mallinger Grandcourt is in the royal line of Peltons, only his methods are softer-handed. They are equally effective, however, in obtaining the mastery over his wife. But Gwendolen's will dies hard. It interests Grandcourt to watch the slow struggle. There is nothing left for his wife to do but submit, rebel or kill him; and it is easiest for the Gwendolens to meditate on the last. Whether or not Mrs. Grandcourt is actually guilty of her husband's death (and her author says that probably she is not), it is always with a feeling of intense satisfaction that the reader sees him sink for the last time beneath the surface of the water, and with none of Gwendolen's subsequent remorse. Gwendolen Grandcourt is the perfect personification in English fiction of that parasitism of women which borders on the criminal.

Mrs. Browning went to Italy and became an immediate outcry in English poetry for Italian independence. George Eliot went to Italy and conceived an historical novel. "Scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century . . . Mr. Lewes has encouraged me to persevere in

the project." She studied history for the character and period of Savonarola, but she looked among her contemporaries for Romola. Educated like a boy, accustomed to think and act without fear and honestly, it is an interesting paradox that George Eliot's fifteenth-century Florentine is the most modern woman in her novels.

When Romola is convinced of her husband's dishonor and the loss of his love, how quickly she leaves him! Confronted with the Roman church's teaching of the indissolubility of marriage, upheld by the overpowering genius of Savonarola, she yet has strength of mind enough and courage to oppose; "Father, you may be wrong." The fact that Romola, still under the masculine domination of the church and Savonarola, does injury to her womanhood by returning to a relation which has "become for her simply a degrading servitude," and for her husband one of deception, antipathy and fear, does not alter the significance of that openly expressed doubt. Nor does Romola remain long in her sanctified degradation. "The law was sa-

cred. Yes, but rebellion might be sacred, too." Her intelligence and will reassert themselves against dogma. She leaves her husband once again and finally. It is not the action of a medieval woman, but of one born in the nineteenth century.

George Eliot forgot her caution to a certain extent in "Romola." She forgot it completely (and also, one thinks, Mr. Lewes) in her tragic poem, "Armgart." The heroine is an artist, a singer. So is Daniel Deronda's mother; and George Eliot put some very bitter sayings into the mouth of that rebellious and unhappy Jewess. Of men like her father, the Biblical patriarch, she declares: "They would rule the world if they could; but not ruling the world, they throw all the weight of their will on the necks and souls of women." "You may try — but you can never imagine what it is," she tells her son, "to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." But the "great Alcharisi" lived and reigned in the early part of the nineteenth century when genius was still confused with masculinity. The singer,

Armgart, is of a later day when she exclaims exultantly:

> "Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
> ' 'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
> She is a woman' — and then turn to add,
> 'Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
> Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled. . . .'
> Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
> For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
> I need not crush myself within a mould
> Of theory called Nature . . ."

For George Eliot, at last, had broken that mold of masculine theory which shaped her novels, and created a woman who was not parasitic, supplementary or merely potential, but a human being of dignity and power.

THE CHIVALRY OF MEREDITH

THE CHIVALRY OF MEREDITH

If the question were put, who was the most unpopular of the great Victorian novelists, Meredith's name would certainly come uppermost. Throughout his letters, collected and edited by his son, the note of heroic unpopularity is predominant. The solitary chalet on Box Hill in Surrey, "high by wood, between a pine and a beech," witnessed a travail more constant and exhausting than that of Flaubert at Croisset. As Meredith grew older and his time for work shorter, "a day lost" was "a dropping of blood." At the age of sixty-four, he was crippled, and at seventy-four, he was still, in his own mocking estimation, "an unpopular novelist and unaccepted poet." For in youth and middle life, he had encountered the steady resistance of the British public only to meet, in his old age,

with what he regarded as an "hereditary opposition."

But Meredith, himself, was the opposer, more than the public. Nor was he always a pattern of the lofty philosopher. He could be very irritable and aggressive. Satire and ridicule were his ready weapons. "Irony lurked" even in his eulogy, so said his friends. He had a philosophy of life to expound directly antagonistic to the moral conventions of Victorian England. What was this philosophy? "I have written always with the perception that there is no life but of the spirit," he tells us; "that the concrete is really the shadowy; yet that the way to spiritual life lies in the complete unfolding of the creature, not in the nipping of his passions. An outrage to Nature helps to extinguish his light." And it was Meredith's most glorious distinction that this evolutionary social philosophy included women. Freedom and growth for women was an all-pervasive theme in his novels. Sympathy with their stunted and perverted lives inspired his many-voiced irony and guided his most militant attacks on the materialism and

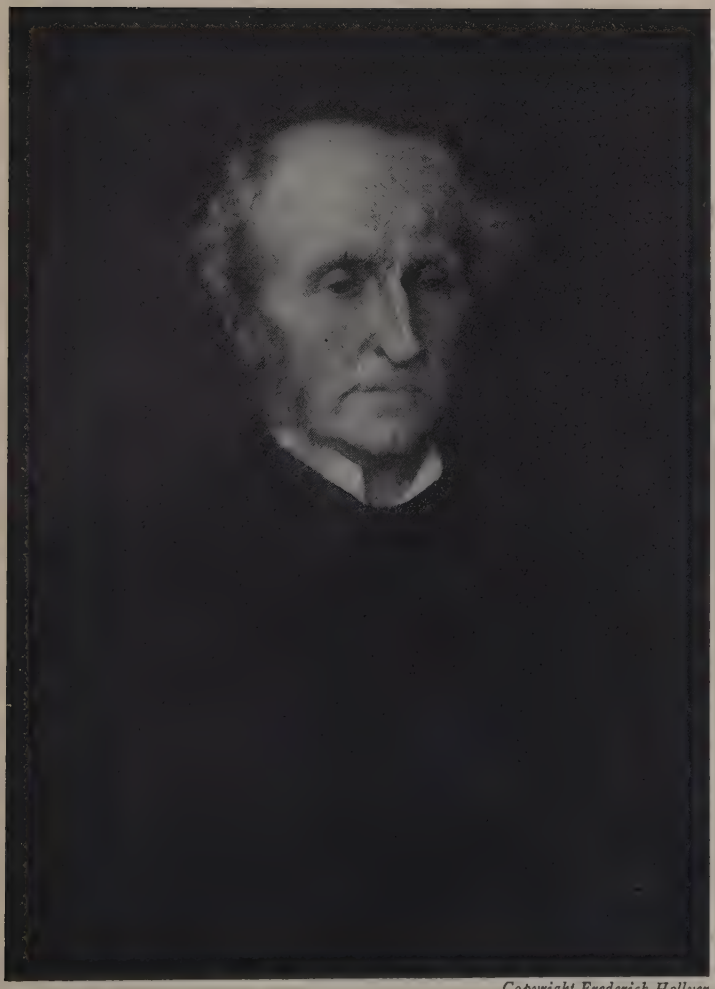
sentimentality of Victorian man-made society.

Like John Stuart Mill, Meredith could feel and think *with* women, not merely *for* them. With Mill, he could write: "Since I began to reflect I have been oppressed by the injustice done to women, the constraint put upon their natural aptitudes and their faculties, generally much to the degradation of the race." What Meredith perceived in Victorian society was a "terrible aggregate social woman, of man's creation, hated by him, dreaded, scorned, satirised, and, nevertheless, upheld, esteemed, applauded." This sinister woman — this "terrible aggregate", he opposed with all the power of his creative genius.

There is a virtue common to all the great Meredithian women which forbids them to unite their lives or remain united with unloved, unloving or unfit husbands — the virtue of selection, which women lost, we are told, with their freedom. It gives them a new-born courage to break, not only mistaken engagements but mistaken marriage vows, and in open defiance of church and state. Caught in the maze of Sir

Willoughby Patterne's stupendous proprietary wooing, Clara Middleton, in "The Egoist", has none of the proper Victorian maidenly joy, only "shame of her sex." "They cannot take a step," she reflects, "without becoming bondwomen; into what slavery!" Why is she not free in love and marriage? she questions desperately. "By what strange right" is she "treated as a possession?" She breaks her promise to Sir Willoughby and flies from a pampered and intolerable subjection.

In "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," young Aminta, who figures in the "Book of England's Beauties", is the wife of an elderly military hero, whose "inherited ideas" concerning women, she discovers, "so quaintly" reduce them "to pretty insect or tricky reptile." (Looks, Aminta learns, "are a large part of the bondage of women.") But she loves a thoroughly modern man, a teacher with coeducational theories and international ideals. Aminta leaves her noble lord, unites her life with Matthew Weyburn's in opposition to the law, and, thoroughly roused from the sloth of luxurious and aimless living,



Copyright Frederick Hollyer

JOHN STUART MILL

From the portrait by G. F. Watts, National Portrait Gallery, London

claims her share in the work of the world. "I in my way, you in yours; we are equals, the stronger for being equals." She possesses what Meredith most admired in women — the courage to break a mistaken and unnatural marriage bond. As Matthew Weyburn says reverently of his mother: "She loved God. She saw the difference between men's decrees for their convenience, and God's laws."

Mary Wollstonecraft, at the end of the eighteenth century, noted with bitter sorrow: "Many women have not mind enough to have an affection for a woman, or a friendship for a man." Meredith's Diana, his "positive heroine with brains, with real blood", is such affection and such friendship incarnate. She marries, in her untried youth, a "gentlemanly official" and resolutely endeavors to submerge herself in his efficient dullness. "We women are the verbs passive of the alliance," she presently discovers; "we have to learn, and if we take to activity, with the best intentions, we conjugate a frightful disturbance." Diana, being "born an active", quarrels with her husband; and possess-

ing in a high degree the virtue most exalted by Meredith in women, she makes her appeal for separation, not to a hostile law, but to that "secret high tribunal within her bosom" which judges her "guiltless for putting the sword between their marriage tie . . . because a quarreling couple could not in honour play the embracing." She establishes her independence, with the legal threat of "marital rights" always a shadow at her door, writes novels and political articles, glories in the hardness of professional life, and fears only to decline into the "softness" of dependent living. For this much-praised softness and clinging dependency, Diana has found, is the secret of men's low opinion (carefully unexpressed) of women.

Diana has her vision. "I should like to write a sketch of the women of the future — don't be afraid! — the far future. What a different earth you will see!" But she, herself, like Nevill Beauchamp (Meredith's own radicalism incarnate), is a creature of her day, and with Beauchamp, a tragedy of failure. Diana loves a politician and neglects her work to become the servant of his

ambition. She slips rapidly down the hill of her independence and gives her name to the gossips; passing from the bondage of marriage without love to a love which is bondage. Yet, she is Diana! For when the Honorable Percy Dacier approaches her with: "You know we are one. The world has given you to me, me to you. Why should we be asunder?" she can reply: "But still I wish to burn a little incense in honour of myself, or else I cannot live."

The young minister of state has come to Diana babbling a government secret for any advantage it may give him over her emotions. But, says Meredith, she never knows "what cunning had inspired the frosty Cupid to return to her and be warmed by striking a bargain . . ." Unable to work, with creditors knocking at her door (and "marital rights" still lurking there), in a panic for money, Diana sells the information to an editor whose presses babble it to the world twenty-four hours too soon. Nothing but Diana's treachery is apparent to Dacier, who chastises her after his fashion, and she is saved from self-destruction only by the friendship of

another woman — Lady Dunstane, the Damon to her Pythias. But the real Diana dies, one is sure, on that bed of anguish where Lady Dunstane finds her; and only a pleasant fiction emerges from the vault-like chamber to marry Thomas Redworth and pronounce herself the vine to his supporting arm. It is on record that Meredith intended to kill Diana, even as he killed Nevill Beauchamp, not knowing what else to do with them in a world with which both were irreconcilably at war.

Carinthia Jane, in "The Amazing Marriage" (Meredith's last novel), is of an equally radical but a more enduring spirit. She is a mountain girl, reared by her father, England's "Old Buccaneer", and according to his "Maxims for Men", an unpopular volume, shunned by the gentlemen and unopened by the ladies, "He had never failed in an undertaking without stripping bare to expose to himself where he had been wanting in Intention and Determination." "For no enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act."

"We will never forget anything," says Carin-

thia Jane of her father, as she and her brother, Chillon John, leave the mountain home of their youth forever; and she descends to the life of a lower world — to the "dark land" of sporting English lords and ladies, a formidable creature. As seen by her brother, Carinthia Jane is a simple girl who needs direction in the most ordinary affairs of life. ("My dear, you meet people of your own class; you don't meet others." "But we may meet anybody, Chillon!") To the unobservant, she is homely, with "rugged brows, a short nose, red hair — the Old Buccaneer young again in petticoats." To Lord Fleetwood, whom she marries, she is a fascination and a horror, a thing to master or to avoid. But to Gower Woodseer, the philosopher and poet, she is a "new idea of woman." And so, one thinks, she was to her creator, when first he had the vision of her standing, as Woodseer beholds her, high up in the mountains, "among the Verities of the world."

Treated as a chattel by her uncle and her brother, and as an unwelcome possession by the husband whom she loves, deprived of freedom,

deprived even of money, Carinthia Jane does not lose her courage, her power of will or of independent action. Nor does she remain long merely on the defensive. "The habit of the defensive womanizes will," the "Old Buccaneer" had written; his daughter strikes out "womanizes" and inserts "paralyzes" — "to shield the sex." "This woman protects her whole sex," Woodseer observes. She seems, at times, more than the wife of Lord Fleetwood and the mother of his son, she seems the potential motherhood of the world. Nothing external or false can bind her. When she ceases to call Lord Fleetwood "my husband" (that name so annoying to his fastidiousness), she announces their separation, though he does not then know it. Fleetwood thinks, and all the conventions of his day uphold him in the thought, that Carinthia Jane is irrevocably his chattel, one to endure with patience his neglect or tyranny, and await his pleasure; moreover, to forgive — woman's traditional virtue! But he reckons without Carinthia Jane. He reckons without the "Old Buccaneer."

The Countess of Fleetwood gives birth to a son "in the world's early manner;" and gradually, against his will, her noble lord falls in love with the mother of his child. But it is too late! For into Carinthia's slow strong nature, his actions have forced "the conviction that her husband hates her." She meets it undaunted, with only one great paralyzing fear — that her son will be taken from her by his legal owner — from her, the bearer of life. She has been placed by Fleetwood on one of his estates in a mining region of Wales, finding friends among the miners where he has only foes or sycophants. "I am with the men," she says, "because I am so like them." An historic conclusion! She understands now why "a charity" that takes "the place of justice" is "not thanked." For "she, too," deals "with a lord." Her life becomes one with the revolting miners as simply and greatly as it had mingled with the underworld of Whitechapel. Then comes the day of complete divorce from Fleetwood, the day when she can say: "He cannot hurt me any more. I am spared loving him when I forgive him; and I do. The loving is

the pain. That is gone by." Carinthia Jane takes her stand with the revolting miners. She guards her rooms against her lord's approach.

"Look backward only to correct an error of conduct for the next attempt," is a saying of the "Old Buccaneer's" by which Carinthia Jane steers her course to the confusion of Lord Fleetwood. It is also written in her book of books: "Never forgive an injury without a return blow for it. The blow forgives." Fleetwood receives his blow squarely in the face, and he is forgiven; but he finds himself without a wife, and the Spanish expedition gains a nurse "renowned" for her "humanity to both conflicting armies." For Carinthia Jane possesses the basic virtue of all the great Meredithian women; she will not unite herself or remain united where she does not love, no matter what the law would compel or the church would sanctify. She is the personification of a central idea in Meredith's philosophy and the object of his most profound chivalry.

OLIVE SCHREINER

OLIVE SCHREINER

Olive Schreiner was preëminently the artist-thinker of the English woman movement. Throughout her life, there were two great impulses, sometimes at war, within her — the humanitarian and the artistic. Her political and social absorptions did not hurt, they only strengthened and deepened "Trooper Peter Halket" and "Dreams", but they withheld her from writing that epic of pioneer South African women, so superbly outlined in the story, "Eighteen-Ninety-Nine." There was a clear division in Olive Schreiner's work. She was capable of torrents of political and controversial oratory — in articles and books (she spoke publicly very seldom), and she could dip her pen in beautiful glowing colors and, with the utmost economy of words, set down "Dreams." She, herself, was perfectly aware of this division. The eloquence of Olive Schreiner in "Woman

and Labor" is profoundly moving, where it is not rhetorical or clumsy, but "Woman and Labor" will be an ancient and moldy volume on the shelf when the author's allegories are still stirring the imagination and making their appeal to the human soul. In "The Story of an African Farm", a heroine emerges more rebellious, more venturesome than Shirley Keeldar, one who, for the first time in English fiction, is fully conscious of an immediate "woman question" — a lonely and a tragic figure.

It was a youthful South African governess in Boer families, teaching five hours a day and reading Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Goethe, far into the night, who found time to write, amongst other fiction, "The Story of an African Farm." The daughter of a German Protestant missionary and an English mother of evangelical training, Olive Schreiner at the age of nineteen was unable conscientiously to instruct her pupils in religion. When she was twenty-six, she had saved enough money to take her to England with the manuscript of her one completed novel.

There is a fiction which persists even to this

day, in spite of public denials, that Meredith not only recommended but revised "The Story of an African Farm" for publication. "It cuts me deep," wrote Olive Schreiner to Havelock Ellis when first she heard the story in 1890; "I think nothing in life has ever cut me so deep. . . . I wish you would write to Mr. Meredith, and I am sure he will give you permission . . . to say it *is a lie*." Olive Schreiner met Meredith only once, for a few minutes, in the office of her publishers, and she did not know he was the author of "Diana" until several years later. (Meredith was, probably, on one of his "weekly hack-cab-horse expeditions" to London.) He was introduced to her as the firm's reader, but they did not discuss her book. They spoke of the Boers, in warm agreement. "The Story of an African Farm" was printed exactly as its young author finally wrote it; but the name of Olive Schreiner did not appear on the title-page until 1887. The book was first published four years earlier under the pseudonym of "Ralph Iron." ("Hasn't your heart ever been like iron? Mine was for five years.") It was acclaimed as an

"agnostic novel;" but far more remarkable than its religious questioning was its militant feminism.

The character of Lyndall is the incarnation of woman's rebellion, Waldo, of the religious doubt in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Both, it is said, are in the image of their creator. Together, they form the spiritual autobiography of her amazing youth. Waldo's agony and rejection of all religious creeds are Olive Schreiner's agony and rejection. Lyndall's revolt against the degradation of women is the early revolt of Olive Schreiner. The discovery, in the allegory of "The Hunter", that "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself" is the poetic expression of Olive Schreiner's lifelong social and religious faith.

Waldo, to the end, is artist and dreamer. He never really succeeds in attaching himself to the life of his day. But Lyndall goes out to fight in a hostile world, only to meet with tragic failure and death. "Do you take an interest in the position of women, Waldo?" she asks. "No!" answers the dreamer. "I thought not . . . and it is

the only thing about which I think much or feel much."

Away from the African farm, Lyndall's first experience is in a girls' boarding-school where she promptly learns "into how little space a human soul can be crushed." "It is not what is done to us, but what is made of us that wrongs us," she explains to Waldo:

"No man can be really injured but by what modifies himself. We all enter the world little plastic beings, with so much natural force, perhaps, but for the rest — blank; and the world tells us what we are to be, and shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To you it says — *Work;* and to us it says — *Seem!* To you it says — As you approximate to man's highest ideal of God, as your arm is strong and your knowledge great, and the power to labor is with you, so you shall gain all that human heart desires. To us it says — Strength shall not help you, nor knowledge, nor labor. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means. And so the world makes men and women.

"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my

person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, and the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not stead me through life like this little chin. . . . They begin to shape us to our cursed end . . . when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window, and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us: 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say; 'your little face will burn, and your nice white dress be spoiled.' . . . Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented. We fit our sphere as a Chinese woman's foot fits her shoe, exactly, as though God had made both — and yet he knows nothing of either."

With Lyndall, it is war to the knife against custom and tradition — a personal, perilous rebellion. She sees only the battle, and hears only the trumpet call; and she is cut down. Yet still she lives, a gallant figure in English fiction, tragic in her loneliness, heroic in her failure. One may read a hundred times of Waldo as he

writes his letter to the absent Lyndall, pouring out to this one understanding friend all the doubts and troubles of his wandering life, till a hand is placed over the paper and a voice says "Lyndall is dead," without failing to feel anew the agony of the dreamer and the emptiness of life for him when the beautiful spirit of revolt is no more.

Olive Schreiner lived mostly in England for six years following the publication of "The Story of an African Farm", a part of that splendid "sunrise" in English social thought and action of the 1880's. She was always poor, never really well. From the age of sixteen or seventeen, she had suffered increasingly with asthma. Social revolt distracted her, one thinks, even more than illness, from the novel she was writing, "From Man to Man." This incomplete and faulty but magnificent work, published after her death, is a study of prostitution. It tells, in part, the life story of two sisters. The younger, physically beautiful, loving and generous, but weak of intellect and weaker of will, stumbles ignorantly into the ways of a prostitute. "There was

a dull, obstinate resolution in it [Baby-Bertie's face]," wrote Olive Schreiner, "the only form of strength her face ever wore." It is this "dull, obstinate resolution" in taking wrong turns, aided by pious mischief-making and the greed and cruelty of a Jew, that pushes Baby-Bertie along the road which leads from happy and industrious motherhood on an African farm to a brothel in Soho.

The older sister, Rebekah, intellectual and an idealist, as ignorantly marries a prostitute. For with Olive Schreiner, one must remember, there was no sex distinction in prostitution. He who bought was equally the prostitute with her who sold. Baby-Bertie dies early of syphilis. Rebekah, after hazards almost as great, severs her marriage tie and escapes, with her children, the extreme physical penalty. With all her intellect and nobility of purpose, the older sister is corrupted even as the younger. There is the spirit of a slave in her relation with her husband, a dogged devotion to that which she knows is depraved and dangerous. She does not possess enough mother love to protect her children.

This attitude invites kicks, and her husband does not hesitate to administer them verbally. Rebekah even submits to the "half-curious, half-contemptuous", and wholly deserved, smile of the various other women with whom he lives, and finally to the insults of her colored maid. Nothing but the arrival of a yellowish-brown, frizzly haired half-sister to her children, not long after the birth of her youngest son, rouses this Rebekah to the saving realization that it is "*our* degradation", and not her husband's alone.

All this seems a little antiquated today, particularly amongst thinking women; but it was true and tragic enough in the 1870's, when Olive Schreiner began to write her novel. Prostitution was "the most agonizing central point" of her thought concerning women. She knew prostitutes, not only knew them but loved them, just as she loved every inarticulate, half-extinguished thing on earth. There is no plumbing such tenderness. Her violent scorn was for the society which makes the Baby-Berties, and not for its victims. It was not stupid, blundering Baby-Bertie whom Olive Schreiner found abomina-

ble but the pious Mrs. Drummond, the proper Veronica (sensualists both), and Aunt Mary-Anna — the Aunt Mary-Annas of both sexes, who lived undisputed in the 1870's. "With a man it's different; he can live down anything — but the soap isn't invented that can wash a woman's character clean." So Aunt Mary-Anna, with her parrot cry: Don't tell me — don't tell me what I don't want to know! For such representatives of Victorian society, Olive Schreiner was an annihilating power.

Walking home in London one midnight with a man friend, Olive Schreiner was arrested as a prostitute. "I don't want you, sir, I want *her!*" said London Bobby. He touched an explosive . . . And then she wrote the beautiful allegory, "'I Thought I Stood'", which expresses, not woman's contempt for man in his sexual dishonor, but her awakening chivalry. "I had been at one of those infernal gatherings of women," she explained to a friend. "They talked about the degradation of women and the selfishness of men." She added: "The selfishness of men and the selfishness of women — that's why I wrote

this." "Therefore I pick my way. God said, 'On what?' "

A free thinker, in profound reaction from all religious creeds, yet as profoundly religious (a true child of Gottlob, the reverent German missionary), Olive Schreiner's life at this time in London was full of seeming contradictions. Solitary, celibate, living in contact with all sorts of sex theories and adventures, she wrote after one refusal to marry: "I *must* be free, you know, I must be *free*. I've been free all my life . . . Oh, they can't cut my wings!" Yet "more and more", she was of the opinion that "no kind of sex relationship can be good and pure but marriage." The monogamous ideal strengthened with the years.

She encountered all the difficulties, tragic and absurd, of the free woman living alone in Victorian England. Again and again, she fled from the agitations of London in order to work. Many of her allegories were written in Italy — in Alassio, where she felt most happy, and in Paris, where she felt most alien and free. Her faith in women, often outraged and sometimes wearied,

was never broken. It found expression in an exquisite and little-known short story, "The Woman's Rose", in which woman's growing chivalry towards woman opens gravely like a flower.

The complete unfolding of Olive Schreiner's life and thought about this time, however, was in her original book, "Dreams." She, herself, was of the opinion that the allegories therein contained had a "deeper value" than "The Story of an African Farm"; and time sustains her judgment. The book is a classic of feminism. "Life's Gifts" concentrates into a hundred words all that women have learned of love and freedom. "Three Dreams in a Desert" is the most poetic presentation in English literature of the social evolution of woman from slavery to liberation.

Olive Schreiner returned to South Africa in 1889, and there she married, five years later, Mr. S. C. Cronwright. The marriage was civil, property was not held in common, and the two names were hyphenated into Cronwright-Schreiner. After the death at birth of an only

child, she became absorbed in South African politics, using all her eloquence and political influence to avert, if possible, the catastrophe of the Boer War. As one of her countrymen truly put it, she was "a national possession to all South Africa." "Thoughts on South Africa", a posthumous volume, shows with what deep love and understanding she brooded over the complex life of her country. "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland" records in the living words of genius her final and uncompromising antagonism to the sinister power of Cecil Rhodes.

Unconditionally pro-Boer and held a prisoner by the English in the town of Hanover during the greater part of the War, with her home in Johannesburg looted and the contents of her desk in ashes, the result of this imprisonment was the book, "Woman and Labor." "I felt it necessary," she tells us, "I should resolutely force my thought at times from the horror of the world around me to dwell on some abstract subject." And the subject which came uppermost in the mind of Olive Schreiner as she walked up and down in the close confinement

of that little house on the outskirts of Hanover, never free from the spying eyes of armed natives [1] (eyes that haunted her ever after), was the social parasitism of women and their need for independent labor.

"In my early youth I began to write a book on Woman," says Olive Schreiner in her Introduction to "Woman and Labor." "I continued the work till ten years ago." (She was writing in 1911.) She summarizes the book's contents, division by division, chapter by chapter, describing precisely and in detail how this major work of her life was typewritten and bound. "Woman and Labor," she explains, is only a "remembrance mainly drawn from one chapter of the larger book." Each chapter, moreover, contained "one or more allegories", and "Three Dreams in a Desert" was "taken from its context" in the lost volume.

Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, in a biography which more often serves to obscure than reveal his wife's character and genius, makes the amaz-

[1] "The authorities . . . put twenty-one loopholes in the yard wall of the house in which she lived." "The Life of Olive Schreiner," p. 328.

ing and unbelievable assertion that this book on Woman never existed except in the author's imagination. His assumption is based on the single fact that he never saw the manuscript. The biographer did not meet his great wife until she was nearly thirty-eight years old; for the last seven years of her life they lived apart, she in England, he in South Africa; and when, shortly before her death, he joined her in London, she left for South Africa at the end of a month. There, she died alone. Much of her life, even of her married life, had been lived alone; and like many men and women of genius, she was often inaccessible and incomprehensible to those who knew her most intimately, even to her husband. It is evident that there were wide areas of Olive Schreiner's life and work of which Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner knew nothing. It is also evident that the book on Woman was one of them.

With fighting at times close by and death sentences read in the market place, in anguish of mind and body, "Woman and Labor," this brief "remembrance" of the larger volume, was put on paper. It was an avalanche of thought which

swept away most of the decaying customs and traditions concerning women. Mary Wollstonecraft had depicted the "fine lady" of her day with passionate scorn. Olive Schreiner, a century later, shows the cause of her existence and its deadly effect on human life.

"Under the mighty egis of the woman who bears and rears offspring and in other directions labors actively for her race, creeps in gradually and unnoticed the woman who does none of these things. From the mighty laboring woman . . . it is but one step, though a long one . . . to the woman who produces offspring freely but does not rear them, and performs no compensatory social labor. From this woman, again, to the one who bears few or no children, and performs no productive social labor, but who, whether as a wife or mistress, lives by the exercise of her sex function alone, the step is short. There is but one step farther to the prostitute, who affects no form of productive labor, and who, in place of life, is recognized as producing disease and death. . . . "

But even the prostitute, Olive Schreiner goes on to say, is not so injurious to human life and

growth as the "kept wife", the kept mother. "No man ever yet entered life farther than the length of one navel-cord from the body of the woman who bore him. It is the woman who is the final standard of the race . . . as her brain weakens, weakens the man's she bears; as her muscle softens, softens his; as she decays, decays the people. . . . Other causes may, and do, lead to the enervation and degeneration of a class or race; the parasitism of its child-bearing women *must.*"

A new conception of motherhood is here evolved: what "noble labor" have I performed that I am worthy to be the mother of a child? While of war, that mercenary and savage slaughter, which was surging all around her as she wrote, Olive Schreiner prophesies that it will cease when women live beside men, not as toiling servants or parasitic burdens, but equal in the work and government of human life. For woman "knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; man does not."

Then, as so often with Olive Schreiner, after a long process of thought follows the picture, and

the words to paint it in colors that will never fade:

"So many mothers' sons! So many young bodies brought into the world to lie there! So many months of weariness and pain while bones and muscles were shaped within! So many hours of anguish and struggle that breath might be! So many baby mouths drawing life at women's breasts; — all this, that men might lie with glazed eyeballs, and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths, and great limbs tossed — this, that an acre of ground might be manured with human flesh, that next year's grass or poppies or karoo bushes may spring up greener and redder, where they have lain, or that the sand of a plain may have a glint of white bones! . . . No woman who is a woman says of a human body, 'It is nothing!' "

In the end, Olive Schreiner visions the woman's revolution of the nineteenth century, not as a separation and antagonism of the sexes, but as "a movement of the woman toward the man, of the sexes toward closer union." For side by side with the free woman of her dreams stands the free man, released at last from the age-long burden of his tyranny.

No sooner was the Boer War ended than Olive Schreiner began to feel that the Boers no longer needed her support. The old love and inclination turned her towards England. (English "is my mother speech and England is my motherland.") The author of "Woman and Labor" lived in London from 1914 to 1918, a pacifist with a German name, alienating friends, persecuted by the ignorant, poor, solitary and an invalid. Life for her had become an almost continuous struggle to breathe. Still she remained intensely alive to the great political and social issues, and with poetic genius unspent. There came from her one cry of despair in "The Dawn of Civilization", that magnificent chapter of a book newly begun. "Is it not possible to put out a sponge and wipe up humanity from the earth? It is stain!" Terrific utterance from one of the greatest lovers of her kind the world has ever known! But back of this despair was a deeper optimism. Olive Schreiner lived to see the beginning of woman's freedom, she who had visioned, with such poetic beauty, the end.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Mrs. Gilman is "dangerous," said the conservative. Mrs. Gilman is "erratic," said the consecrated radical. Mrs. Gilman is "queer," said the man or woman in the street. America has in Mrs. Gilman a genuine creative thinker, said the European student of her work, and the Americans do not appear to know it! One more expression of opinion. "The various Utopias have fallen wide of the mark," wrote the author of "Pure Sociology", Lester F. Ward. "The difficulty . . . has always been a much too narrow vision, especially the lack of a cosmological perspective. The only person who, to my knowledge, has clearly brought out this cosmological perspective, not merely in things human, but in the vast reaches of organic evolution, is a woman." Professor Ward was writing in 1906, and the woman he so distinguished was Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

She was born in Hartford, Connecticut, shortly before our Civil War. Behind her was a formidable ancestry, including the family of Beechers. "Here is the genealogy stuff," wrote Frederick Beecher Perkins, editor and librarian, to his inquiring young daughter. "Commit all this to memory if you wish." But even at the age of fifteen, Charlotte Perkins gave little time to studious contemplation of her ancestors. One year later, she had obtained a course in scientific reading from her father, and those remoter progenitors — the "lean and hairy shapes", were receiving her most thoughtful attention. Her richest inheritance was the Beecher desire for world service, the religious passion, the irresistible wit and rapidity of thought and expression — "rapid as light itself" at times, as some one said of her great-aunt, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Charlotte Perkins saw more clearly, with more imaginative insight, than any other New England girl of her day, the crippled lives of housewives and mothers, their narrow deadening circumstances; above all, their pitiful economic dependence. "In Duty Bound", one of

her earliest printed poems, written when she was about twenty-one, expresses eloquently, not only the limitations of her own young life, but of all New England girlhood in that generation.

One counts it, therefore, an historic date when, on New Year's Day, 1887, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, then a young wife and mother, a busy artist and writer, went to the Public Library in Providence, Rhode Island, and, getting a new card, filled it with the names of books on women. The contemplation of women's subordinate and cruel position in life had begun to move her powerfully. Six days later, she started an article on "the distinction of the sexes."

It was not until 1890, however, with the publication of her satirical poem, "Similar Cases", that Charlotte Stetson became widely known as a writer. These original verses, with their singular high power of social satire, were first printed in *The Nationalist,* then copied and quoted wherever English-speaking people had begun to think socially and in terms of organic evolution. Other social satires in verse were quick to follow, equal in wit and forcefulness of phrase

—"A Conservative", "Wedded Bliss", bright weapons for the reformer the world over!

Charlotte Stetson could communicate the thrill of horror in both prose and verse, an uncanny art, used infrequently, with a purpose, and finding its most startling expression about this time in "The Yellow Wall Paper", the story of a nerve-sick young mother's hallucination caused by loneliness and inactivity. The figure of a woman creeps from the paper of the room in which the patient is most tenderly confined, and haunts her with a secret and growing power until the day comes when she completely identifies herself with the creeping form and is mad. "The Yellow Wall Paper" has been placed by critics with the weird masterpieces of Hawthorne and Poe; but this is only a lazy classification for a story which stands alone in American fiction. For originality, both as thinker and writer, was Charlotte Stetson's outstanding quality, except, perhaps, the inspirational beauty of her thought and its joyousness, which rose from her profound perception of reality.

In 1891, one finds Charlotte Gilman (still

Charlotte Stetson) making this illuminative affirmation in one of her lectures: "I am scientist enough to know that man with all his brain is an orderly product of evolution; I am naturalist enough to know that law rules everywhere, that the subtlest action of the soul is resolvable by long and careful study back to the simplest elements of life; I am poet enough to know that the natural world is divine and the divine world is natural." Her unshakable belief, then as now, (a religion formulated at the age of sixteen) was in that "force which has with slow and constant miracle turned protoplasm into personality." Her dominant desire was "the perception and transmission of applicable truth." Then, as now, she was a philosopher making pure and beautiful poetry out of her vision of the evolutionary processes of life and their continuation into a just world made perfect. Yet in California, in the early 1890's, this brave thinker and dreamer in the sun roused a persistent and even scurrilous hostility.

She had become active in the Nationalist Movement, a political sequel to Edward Bel-

lamy's novel, "Looking Backward." Charlotte Gilman wrote and spoke for the movement, throwing, for a time, her wit and poetry, her whole dynamic power of expression, into its propaganda. Nationalism in California was quickly kindled into a blaze, but as a blaze died down. Only Charlotte Gilman caught and perpetuated its spirit in both prose and verse; and her lectures on different aspects of Nationalism were the beginning of her life-work as a sociological writer and speaker.

When one hears of Charlotte Gilman in the 1890's as a "dangerous" woman, a disrupter of family life and destroyer of the home, one turns to these early lectures which, unlike her later ones, were put on paper, and one reads: "Let me say again, a hundred times if necessary, that I believe in permanent monogamous marriage." Then: "Let me say again, a hundred times if necessary, that housework has nothing to do with love." And so "kitchen-minded" were we that in spite of the former statement, reiterated, probably, many times one hundred times, the latter was interpreted as meaning the destruction

of marriage. But life has a way of agreeing with Charlotte Gilman, whatever we may choose to think about it. A kitchenless home is rapidly becoming a necessity. Women's energies are thus released for every kind of service, from the preparation of food, scientifically and professionally, to the making of new philosophies; and marriage is not discontinued, the home is not disrupted. Again and again, in those early formative lectures, Charlotte Gilman reached the crux of her argument in "Women and Economics": "The absolute first condition in the growth of the real woman is economic independence." This was a revolting thought to the majority of both men and women in the 1890's.

Wheresoever Charlotte Gilman went during those years of lonely and courageous thinking, she was a strange dynamic power. Both she and her work were marked "dangerous." She encountered the sinister hostility of a certain section of the American press, led by Ambrose Bierce. Her public speeches were distorted and often made to appear ridiculous. Her personal life was never free from blackguardly intru-

sion. But fear of misunderstanding, ridicule or insult never held Charlotte Gilman back from saying or doing the thing she once saw clearly ought to be said or done. "Do you expect this to succeed?" she once was asked before a particularly doubtful undertaking. No! came the answer. Yet the thing was done, in the face of almost certain failure, because some one must have the courage to make a beginning, and some day it *would* succeed.

Ever since early childhood, Charlotte Gilman had been writing verses. To her, they were in truth Heine's "divine playthings" — sure joy and recreation in hours of hard won leisure. In 1893, for the first time, she gathered her verses together, and they were printed in a paper-covered edition under the title, "In This Our World." This original contribution to American literature contained scourging civic satire ("the noblest since Lowell," according to W. D. Howells) and poems of living beauty, philosophic and detached. Yet for several years, the book appeared without the imprint of an American publishing house, and the first worthy cloth

edition was made in England. Although much of its contents has been reprinted and quoted throughout the English-speaking world — and beyond, American literary criticism, with the fine exception of Mr. Howells, has taken little notice of the book's existence. An English poet, of the stature of John Davidson, was required to appreciate its singular power.

"In This Our World" opens with a poem entitled "Birth", which gives the keynote to Charlotte Gilman's social philosophy. It is as important a contribution to the social and religious thought of the twentieth century as Emily Brontë's "Last Lines" to the religious discovery of the nineteenth. The book also contains two short poems, "She Walketh Veiled and Sleeping" and "She Who Is to Come", which, brief as they are, will live, crystal clear and shapely, as classics in the poetry of the woman movement. Personal emotions are rare and elusive as in all of Charlotte Gilman's poetry. Never was poet less given to the luxury of self-expression. But the passion for beauty is there, and great warmth of human love and hate — love not of

people only, but of cities, world-love, and hatred of social wrong. The inexorable and unescapable logic of her satire is not weakened by a single sneer.

Five years after the publication of "In This Our World" came "Women and Economics." The first setting down on paper of this revolutionary sociological essay required only seventeen days, but back of it were years of study, slowly evolving thought and discussion. So early as 1891, one of its main arguments had been stated in a lecture. "We have pushed sex distinction to such a point that it has reached the very soul," Charlotte Gilman then said, "and we suffer mortally under the consequences without knowing what is the matter. . . . The most important thing for a human creature is to be *human* rather than to be male or female; and yet our course has been to sink our common humanity in our separate sexuality, constantly dividing ourselves where it was most essential to be united." This argument, so familiar to us now and undisputed by many, was first advanced, it is interesting to recall, at a time when

a serious writer like Grant Allen was classifying his fellow-women, in a popular magazine, as "a sub-species told off for reproduction only."

It is a most suggestive fact that the three outstanding English books on the woman movement, written by women — Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women", Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor", and Charlotte Gilman's "Women and Economics"— were not sex pleas based narrowly on women's rights, but philosophic arguments securely resting on the wide foundation of human liberties. Charlotte Gilman wrote "Women and Economics" in a fortnight or so of leisure largely because in her agitation for industrial and political betterment she found the economic dependence of women an insuperable obstacle. The subtitle of her epoch-marking book explains its relative intention: "A Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution." Shortly after the appearance of "Women and Economics", its author sounded a very significant note of warning against the excessive individualism of women

which a misinterpretation of her book might arouse. "The position of economic independence which is opening to women today," she stated, "is not merely an opportunity to 'earn one's living', it is the bringing forward of the last great detachment of primitive individualism into the wide and loving mutualism which is our order." This is a point which she rarely failed to emphasize in both previous and subsequent lectures.

Here was a writer whose one great concern was "the perception and transmission of applicable truth," to whom it was given to see further and suggest more than any other American woman of her day; who, moreover, possessed the art of choosing the inevitable word even in her most hasty propaganda for the "humanization" of women. Yet in New York, as in San Francisco, aside from "the deep interest and conviction" of the discerning few, to quote an older feminist, "she brought down upon herself a storm of criticism, ridicule, caricature and consternation." She and her works continued to be marked "dangerous."

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Nothing startles the editor of the usual American magazine (or advertising business) like an original idea — startles and antagonizes, causing him hastily and prudently to reject. He has an almost legal horror of printing anything that is against precedent or liable to form one. Consequently, although Charlotte Gilman is an astonishingly rapid and prolific writer, with an acute sense of timeliness, her articles and verses have appeared in American periodicals only occasionally and under exceptional circumstances. She began, therefore, in 1909, to write, edit and publish a magazine of her own, *The Forerunner,* which was printed monthly for seven courageous years. *The Forerunner* was packed with original ideas from cover to cover. Within its pages, Charlotte Gilman freely expounded her feminist philosophy, in essay, poem, sermon, short story, allegory and review; contributing, also, each year as serials a novel and a sociological study. The last included her most provocative work since "Women and Economics."

"Modern society is no human society," Ibsen

had said in his justice to women; "it is merely a masculine society." In "The Man-made World, or Our Androcentric Culture", Charlotte Gilman analyzes our masculine civilization with startling results. "Desire, combat and self-expression" being the "basic masculine characteristics," she postulates, it follows that they dominate a man-made society, shaping industry, politics, religion, and almost every department of human life. The feminine characteristics of "love and service" have found little social expression up to the present. But it is in literature, the chief art of humanity, the art with "the vertical reach" ("Through it we know the past, govern the present, and influence the future.") that Charlotte Gilman finds this predominance of masculine traits most subtly injurious. For men have written and men have read the world's literature. It is only within comparatively recent times that women have done either. And it is this "masculized" record of human life and thought which gives "humanity consciousness."

Twelve years after the appearance of this dis-

turbing and avoided volume, in 1924, Charlotte Gilman continued her analysis of the extent to which masculine concepts have governed and still dominate human life and thought. In "His Religion and Hers", she concentrates on a study of masculine religious creeds and advances a theory of religious development when woman really begins to express herself.

Charlotte Gilman is not the ecstatic discoverer of a "new religion." She is not dogmatic. One of our few creative thinkers, with an extraordinary power of social analysis, her intention is to suggest, to stimulate thought, to present a theory for discussion. How, she now questions, have the man-made religions of the past "modified our conduct in regard to those three laws of living — self-preservation, race-preservation and improvement?" Injuriously again, she finds. For masculine religions are based on the idea of death and a future life. Death was the great crisis in the existence of primitive man, the hunter and fighter. Death was the stimulus to his religious thought. It has so persisted down the ages. Even the teaching of Jesus of Naza-

reth, the "truth-filled doctrine of 'God in man', of 'Thy kingdom come on earth', of worship in love and service", was soon hurt, Charlotte Gilman maintains, by the "resurgence" of man's "older death-idea." But the great crisis in the life of primitive woman was birth, not death — the child, its nurture and growth. So it remains. The question follows: What, then, might a religion become if based, not on death and a speculative future life, but on birth and our knowledge of human continuity?

Human conduct is examined in its relation to man-made morals and ethics, and the popular philosophies, "so heavily modified by sex", which have contributed to our man-made religions. These philosophies conflict, Charlotte Gilman maintains, with the simplest mother knowledge of the laws of human life and growth. Most hurtful of all is the "perverted sex philosophy of Freud and his followers", this "belated revival of phallic worship", which now distorts our literature. A more normal philosophy of sex will develop, Charlotte Gilman predicts, through "thinking motherhood"

— a motherhood free, at last, not only from economic and political, but from sexual subjugation.

In conclusion, it is best to quote Charlotte Gilman's own summing up of her revolutionary hypothesis — the hypothesis not only of this particular book, but of a lifetime of original and fearless thinking:

"That evolution means growth, not mere combat; that the human race is young and growing and open to measureless improvement; that the female is the race type and her natural impulses are more in accordance with the laws of growth than those of the male; that the race lives immortally on earth, re-created through birth, and so, through love and service, may rise continually; that social development as a conscious process is our chief duty; that God is the Life within us, the Life of the world, to be worshipped in fruition; that religion is the strongest help in modifying our conscious behavior, but that it cannot so help without teaching these truths."

MAY SINCLAIR

MAY SINCLAIR

May Sinclair, in her gallant "Defence of Man" [1] against the sharp attacks of militant feminism — and the sharper accusations of Sir Almroth Wright,[2] disclosed a strong feminist intention behind her subtle and penetrative art. One cannot, of course, imagine Miss Sinclair writing a novel for any purpose but that of literature. She is a detached and scrupulous artist. Her individualism, her mysticism, her underlying deep sense of humor which rarely fails to illumine our little human absurdities, are not precisely the qualities given to propaganda. One is aware that even the word feminism might now be somewhat distasteful to the author of "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." Yet "Mr. Waddington," as Henry Seidel Canby has observed, "is perhaps after all propaganda for feminism, just as 'Tom Jones' is propaganda for the male." And

[1] *The English Review,* 1912.
[2] "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman's Suffrage."

constantly throughout May Sinclair's novels, this feminist intention clearly appears. Man's "womanly woman", she has thrown on the scrap-heap, together with Victorian plots and Victorian man-made sexual ethics. May Sinclair, above all other contemporary English novelists, carries on the feminist tradition of George Eliot and the Brontës.

"The greater part of what women write about women is mere sycophancy to men," said John Stuart Mill. Heine remarked more cruelly: "When women write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye." In May Sinclair's novels, there is not the slightest surviving evidence of this timid sycophancy or painfully divided attention. The result is a long succession of characters and events which have never before appeared in English fiction.

Even so far back as "The Tysons", a novel published before "The Divine Fire", May Sinclair's freedom from masculine influence is apparent. Very quickly, she gets behind the im-

memorial stained-glass window dedicated to "the glory of God and the memory of Nevill Tyson" (a familiar heroic figure), and shows us the clever, corrupt and famous man as no man novelist had as yet revealed him; shows us how the real Nevill wronged and bullied and, in a way, killed the wife who loved him, and the genuine heroism, the incorruptible soul of this "little fool" whose reputation was not of the best.

"The Three Sisters" is a poetic presentation of a remnant of patriarchal family life, entirely free from masculine sentimentality and revealing, in all its horror, the immolation of unmarried daughters on the altar of filial duty. Two of the three Cartaret sisters escape the extreme sacrifice. In devious ways, they find refuge in marriage. But Gwenda, the finest spirit of them all, escapes only at intervals and through the beauty of her inner life. Outwardly, she is the victim of her father, a selfish and sensual old man.

Youthful Gwenda considers her father, the Yorkshire vicar with his little tyrannies,

"funny." She looks upon him as a "persistent, delightful jest." But her physician, and lover, has "seen women made bitter, made morbid, driven into lunatic asylums by fathers who were as funny as Mr. Cartaret." Gwenda does not hesitate to oppose the Vicar in defense of her sister. He obtains neither her fear nor her respect. Once, in strong flight, she leaves the Vicarage to earn her living, "as other women do." In the end, however, the Vicar triumphs over Gwenda, not through his strength but through his weakness. His passions end in a stroke of paralysis, and there is no one to take care of him but his unmarried daughter. "The Vicar had desired supremacy in his Vicarage and he was at last supreme. He was supreme over his daughter Gwenda. The stubborn, intractable creature was at his feet. . . . She who was capable of anything was capable of an indestructible devotion."

So it is not the Vicar, after all, but Gwenda, herself, who defeats Gwenda, or rather, those old inherited masculine notions of filial duty which dominate her. Completely frustrated in

life as in love, she still "had hours, now and again," her author tells us, "when she shook off the slave-woman who held her down. In those hours her inner life moved with the large rhythm of the seasons and was soaked in the dyes of the visible world; and the visible world, passing into her inner life, took on its radiance and intensity. Everything that happened and that was great and significant in its happening, happened there." Gwenda Cartaret has the compensating joy of the mystic; and it is all she has.

In "Mary Olivier", the tyranny, on the contrary, is maternal. The mischief-worker, in this full and free record of one woman's life, is not an unpleasant Yorkshire vicar, but charming, sweetly smiling "Mamma", who draws her life from her children's lives, and particularly from the unmarried daughter whom she loves least of all. Here again, we have the sacrifice of youth to age, of future generations to the past, all summed up in those time-honored words, "filial duty", by which, of course, men meant daughter's duty — unmarried daughter's duty. That Mary Olivier is a thinker and gifted, that far

better than Gwenda Cartaret she is able to construct an inner life for herself, does not lessen the tragedy of the sacrifice.

"Ever since I began to grow up I felt there was something about Mamma that would kill me if I let it," Mary confides to her eldest brother, Mark. "I've had to fight for every single thing I've ever wanted. It's awful fighting her, when she's so sweet and gentle. But it's either that or go under. . . . And of course she loved me when I was little. She'd love me now if I stayed little, so that she could do what she liked with me; if I'd sit in a corner and think as she thinks, and feel as she feels and do what she does."

Then comes the inevitable masculine conclusion: "Would poor Minky like to be married?" "No," answers Mary. "I'm not thinking about that. I'd like to write poems. And to get away sometimes and see places. To get away from Mamma." "You little beast," says Brother Mark. But Mark, himself, is getting away just as fast and as far as he can go. He is sailing for India to fulfill his military ambition. "She hasn't got anybody," he says solemnly to Mary at parting.

"Roddy's gone. Dan's no good to her. She won't have anybody but you." "I know, Mark. I shall never go away and leave her." "Don't talk about going away and leaving her!" The mere thought of his sister's desertion is insupportable to this devoted and most beloved son.

At the age of twenty-seven, Mary Olivier, a thinker and poet, has never left her mother since her early days at school. Her way of living is narrow and confined. Only in her studies and in her poetry does she break away from her mother's control. When love comes to her, comes also the stronger compulsion: "I couldn't leave my mother." It is easier to sacrifice, not only herself but the gifted man who needs her; easier to love in secret, not openly and in pride; easier to end her life in loneliness while her lover takes refuge in a convenient marriage, than to free herself once and for all from the tyranny of "little Mamma." The immolation is so complete that when Mary's dissipated brother, Dan, flashes out to her: "You don't mean to say you still take Mamma seriously? *I* never did," the words "hurt her like some abominable blas-

phemy." In Mary Olivier, as in Gwenda Cartaret, the mystic alone survives this death within life; only Mary possesses a happiness which Gwenda does not know. She has the power of a creator.

It was fitting that May Sinclair should give us, in "The Three Brontës", the completely satisfying interpretation of Emily Brontë's mysticism and poetry, for she, herself, is one of the few realistic writers in English fiction who is, also, a poet and mystic. "Naked, shining, intense reality", to quote the writer's own words, is what she seeks to discover in her art. There are brief visions of the supernormal throughout her work, none more radiant than the one recorded in her "Journal of Impressions in Belgium", a sudden perception of tranquil and eternal beauty in the midst of wartime confusion and despair. But Miss Sinclair's most sustained and courageous adventure in the supernormal is "The Flaw in the Crystal", a neglected story unique in our literature.

"The Flaw in the Crystal" concerns a strange case of mental healing by a woman, and the

healer's discovery, through a tragic experience, that in order to accomplish her work, to make herself a perfect instrument of the inscrutable healing power, she must remain passionless and impersonal. The crystal, in the words of the symbol, must be flawless. Yet when this book was first published in America, "hopeless immorality", "neurotic femininity", "amazing twaddle", was about all our masculine reviewers could find to say of a story whose purity of motive, exquisite balance and precision of style were its most obvious qualities. But the problem of sex involved was new in fiction, and its solution was feminine. It roused masculine antagonism.

It is quite certain that, before the War, such an adventure as "The Flaw in the Crystal" was not a mere "interlude" in May Sinclair's more serious fiction (the hope expressed by one dissatisfied reviewer). It was a growing preoccupation. From contemplation of man's external world, its ugly materialism and competitive cruelty, which no amount of sentimentalism can now conceal, what May Sinclair has deliberately swept aside as the "whole obstructive ap-

paratus of material things", she was turning to the inner reality, and the supernormal fascinated her.

Then came the War. Gallant and militant, Miss Sinclair was one of the few women writers who signed the British authors' declaration of loyalty to democratic ideals of government, and she went at once into active service as a supporter of one of the first field ambulances to enter Flanders. As secretary-treasurer (later, field-woman and nurse) of that brave expedition, she brought back more than her record of the German invasion (the first contact of our most sensitive and perceptive woman novelist with war's actuality); those days and nights spent under the "curved lightning" of the German shells and bomb-dropping aeroplanes gave her, one thinks, a new vision of women.

After the fall of Antwerp, the financial needs of her corps sent May Sinclair back to England, and she was never permitted to return. Physically, she is not an Amazon. The novelist's "dream" of active service was realized, perforce, by those amazing young field-women in

khaki, whose deeds she celebrates in her "Journal", and who have appeared ever since in the pages of her novels, in all their courage, tenderness and honor, those masculine virtues which May Sinclair had predicted, in her "Defence of Man", women would absorb as they came closer to men "in ways that are not sexual." You may think that Charlotte Redhead (in "The Romantic") and Anne Severn (in "Anne Severn and the Fieldings") are "immoral", or that Dorothea Harrison (in "The Tree of Heaven") is "more a man than a woman"; you cannot deny their courage, their tenderness or their honor, you cannot deny that they are our contemporaries.

Dorothea Harrison at the age of nineteen, "tall and upright", like her father, with "brown eyes keen and alert", "robust, undismayed and competent" in the affairs of life, has left Victorianism far behind her, with its old maid Aunties, the old eroticism of Vera, and the old eroticism in its new and undeceptive guise of Desmond, the "free lover." Dorothea has taken the measure of them all, and she turns to work

and study, leaving college with a first-class in economics.

It is Dorothea's misfortune to love and be loved by a man who is a bundle of disapprovals of all the things she finds most interesting in life —"of Women's Suffrage; of revolutions; of women who revolted; of anybody who revolted." Contrary to her intentions, she is caught in a suffragette raid and spends three months in Holloway Gaol. On her release, with the notables, her lover, Frank Drayton, meets her at the entrance of the gaol in his motor car, and presently this crucial conversation takes place between them.

"You said you were going to keep out of rows," Drayton begins. "You weren't going on that deputation because it meant a row. You went because I asked you not to go."

"I did," answers Dorothea, "and I should go again tomorrow for the same reason."

"But it isn't a reason," Drayton argues. "It's not as if I'd asked you to go against your conscience. Your conscience hadn't anything to do with it."

"Oh, hadn't it! I went because you'd no right to ask me not to."

"If I'd had the right you'd have gone just the same."

"What do you mean by the right?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

"Of course I do. You mean, and you meant that if I'd married you you'd have had the right, not just to ask me not to, but to prevent me. That was what I was out against. I'd be out against it tomorrow and the next day, and for as long as you keep up that attitude."

"And yet — you said you loved me."

"So I did. So I do. But I'm out against that too."

"Good Lord, against what?"

"Against your exploiting my love for your purposes."

Yet, in the end, this is precisely what Dorothea permits Frank Drayton to do. The War begins, and we see her, among hundreds of other militant young Englishwomen, volunteering for active service. Her work at first is to convoy Belgian refugees from a London station — "a dreadful twilit terminus into which all the hor-

ror and misery of Belgium poured and was congested." Her endeavor is to be sent with her car into Flanders. Yet Dorothea fails to do what courage and humanity prompt because Captain Frank Drayton does not want her to go. Woman's place, he thinks, is not at the Front. She lets her car go without her into Flanders; and even after Drayton's death, his will survives to hold her in London.

Gwenda Cartaret, Mary Olivier and Dorothea Harrison, with all their modernity and spirit of revolt, in the end are subdued by masculine ideas of duty. Anne Severn suffers no such defeat. Less intellectual than her predecessors, she has a quiet power of long-sustained and independent action which nothing can stop or turn aside. "Some day," says Anne, when she is a little girl, "I shall have a farm, with horses and cows and pigs and little calves." At the age of twenty-five, she is a competent farmer; and thereafter, no matter what the mishaps or sorrows of her troubled young life, the farm work goes straight on. No one, not even her lover, or the loss of his love, can take from Anne her

power of work. She has as much physical courage and, as it happens, more strength of character than Jerrold Fielding, and she loves Jerrold with a frank and unswerving devotion which not only precludes all other love, even when he mistakenly and weakly leaves her, but is utterly devoid of the old feminine artifices. "What, go *after* Jerrold? Hunt him down? Dress up and scheme to make him marry me?" she says to Jerrold's brother. "I'd rather die!" Anne Severn, in work coat and knee-breeches, riding her black horse up and down an unploughed field, abreast of her new American tractor, is a far more potent figure than the Joan of Arcs in suffragette parades, or even those wonderful field-women in khaki. For Anne is of the future and they are of the past.

Jerrold Fielding, believing a lie about Anne Severn and his brother, marries another woman only to find that he can love no one but Anne; while Anne never ceases to love Jerrold. Other wives in English fiction have discovered their husbands' infidelity, but few have acted as Maisie Fielding acts. Few, if any, have said

what Maisie Fielding says. Anne has decided to break away and go to Canada as a farmer. Jerrold is prostrated. Maisie, swiftly and with exquisite courtesy, withdraws from a marriage which, subconsciously, she already knows is a mistaken one. "I'm doing this because I love you both," she explains. "But if I didn't love you I should do it for myself. I should hate myself if I didn't. I can't think of anything more disgusting and dishonorable than to keep a man tied to you when he cares for somebody else. I should feel as if I were living in sin."

With the exception of Charlotte Gilman's "Ode to a Fool", one can recall no such piercing exposure in contemporary literature of a fool in his folly as May Sinclair's comedy, "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." That the writer happened to be a woman and the fool a male fool was extremely irritating to certain masculine reviewers. Down through the centuries, woman in every aspect of her foolishness has been the subject of men's wit, but this feminine triumph of the comic spirit was frowned upon with masculine disfavor and made the occasion of

MAY SINCLAIR

direct personal journalistic insult to the author.

There is a portrait of Mr. Waddington done in his happy youth, seventeen years before the story opens. It hangs conspicuously in the drawing-room of his Lower Wyck Manor. "I wonder what he's thinking about?" says his young girl secretary. "I used to wonder," replies his wife. "But you know now?" "Yes, I know now." And life for Mrs. Waddington has become irresistibly comic.

Mr. Waddington as he labors with his prospectus of the League of Liberty — or rather, as his amused wife and delighted young secretary patch it together; Mr. Waddington ponderously addressing a meeting of the League, or slyly engaged in an *amour* which is secret only to himself; Mr. Waddington busily occupied with having his book written for him by the continuously joyous secretary, is all in the portrait. Then, his war work reminiscences of doubtful accuracy! Mrs. Waddington explains: "He was a special constable, Barbara; and he sat on tribunals; he drove his motor-car like mad on government service. He had no end of a time.

It's no use your saying you didn't enjoy it, Horatio, for you did." "I was glad to be of service to my country as much as any soldier. . . ."

Finally, Mr. Waddington suffers a chill and is hero of the sick room, enjoying its perils; and with convalescence comes, not chastening, but the climax of his imbecility, which is worse even than Malvolio's. For he makes love to his youthful secretary; and in spite of the fact that she has recently become engaged to his wife's cousin, persists in the belief that the young girl cherishes a secret and romantic passion for his irresistible self.

It is difficult, of course, to think of May Sinclair apart from her novels, those compact and powerful forms which she creates with such unflagging energy; but we know that philosophy and poetry have long been her preoccupations, giving depth and beauty to her singular art. Within the past twelve years, moreover, she has published two books of philosophic studies, "A Defence of Idealism" and "The New Idealism", and one long poem, "The Dark Night."

May Sinclair's process of philosophic reasoning is cautious and intricate, but her conclusions are simple and based not on reason alone. They rest equally on those certainties of human experience which are, after all, the main concern of the poet and novelist, — one might add, of woman. At the end of her "Defence of Idealism", she states:

"The one Infinite Spirit, then, *is* the finite selves. That the selves are not conscious of this union is the tragedy of their finitude. In our present existence we *are* spirit; but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of Spirit far better than we know Spirit itself. If we knew them *all,* and if, in order to know them, it so happened that we increased the pace of the rhythm of time as it is increased in our dream-consciousness, only to an immeasurably more intense degree, the chances are that we should know Spirit, not as it appears, but as it is. Appearances would be whirled for us, as it were, into the one Reality, as the colours of the spectrum, painted on a revolving disc, are whirled into one whiteness by the sheer rapidity of its revolutions."

Such quickening of the rhythm of time, in transitory moments, May Sinclair has revealed to us time and again in her novels; but in "The Dark Night", the human being's perception of reality is neither transitory nor passive. It is a source of action. "Every finding of new truth, every creation of new beauty, every victory of goodness — is, while it lasts, a communion, here and now, with God," Miss Sinclair further maintains; and this "victory of goodness" is the predominant theme of her poem.

Somewhere May Sinclair has said, "The wrong of sexual treachery lies in the fact that it deprives the lover (for the time being) of life"; and it is through this tragedy that we move in "The Dark Night" to the moment when "hate and lust and jealousy" die in the wounded woman, and love takes their place. Life is renewed, the life that protects and saves; and the soul of the woman is no longer cut off from God.

"The Dark Night" is a sequence of short poems, many of which could be taken from their context and read with perfect comprehension; and the perception of reality, the mystical cer-

tainty of God, which first comes to Elizabeth as she walks in her garden, gives the keynote to all that follow. There is the poem of Grandmother, ironic and tender; the satire of the clerical tea party; the separate love songs of Elizabeth. "Our love is woven of a thousand strands", begins one of the most exquisite lyrics in present-day literature. There are poems of the human soul cut off from God by its lovelessness — the hell of separation of the finite self from the infinite; poems of the "white flame" of Elizabeth's greater love; woman's chivalry towards woman; woman's chivalry towards man; and in the end, peace.

> "God has come back to me;
> In the stillness of the dark night . . ."

Yet the separate poems are bound together by a story — the very old story of love's treachery, but one that yields itself to this mystical and feminine interpretation of life, of the dark and shining places of the human soul.

MILITANCY AND ELLEN GLASGOW

MILITANCY AND ELLEN GLASGOW

Between the years 1911 and 1914, when the struggle for woman suffrage in the United States had reached its most intense stage, and the militant women in England were carrying on their brave, if fanatical, warfare, there was a tremendous acceleration of feminist ideas in English and American literature, and the feminist motive in poetry, drama and fiction. It was the present writer's absorbing task to analyze and synthesize this mass of thought in the pages of a not unpopular magazine which had the courage to concern itself with the presentation of opinions and ideas, including the most heterodox. Yet one recalls with what surprise one found a routine summary of an early essay by Ellen Key featured on the cover as "Ellen Key's Revaluation of Woman's Chastity", and her revolutionary formula, "Love is moral without

legal marriage, but marriage is immoral without love", boldly quoted. For women, said Ellen Key, must now submit to a revaluation of their most cherished virtue.

Ellen Key, like Olive Schreiner, undoubtedly stood for a higher monogamic ideal; but she was not always so interpreted. Partly her own bewildering vagueness of expression was to blame for this misunderstanding, partly the desire of earnest "free lovers" for so distinguished a philosophic prop. Yet Ellen Key plainly stated that the monogamic ideal which she advanced to take the place of the old had opponents of two contrary types — the supporters of "conventional morality", and those who upheld that "transitory union to which the name of 'free love' is erroneously applied."

The revaluation of woman's chastity was actually going on, Ellen Key maintained, in the many conflicts of married life and the discussions in literature to which these conflicts gave rise. There were men and women legally married who had promised each other divorce at the will of either; others who refused to give

present legal form to a marriage of constant devotion; but these, she admitted, were still exceptional cases. More commonly, the "marriage of reason" was now considered degrading, and decent parents no longer coerced their daughters into profitable and loveless unions. "In the geological deposits of legislation," said Ellen Key, "and still more in those of literature, we can study these risings of the levels of the erotic sentiments."

In her historical and philosophic book on "The Woman Movement", appearing in English translation about 1912, Ellen Key opposed, with all her strength, that development of feminism which she termed "amaternal", the word being of her own coinage and signifying *not* maternal. She cited the works of Rosa Mayreder (the very German author of "Synthetic Man"[1]) and Charlotte Perkins Gilman as containing the ablest expositions of this theory. Mrs. Gilman placed great emphasis on the human qualities common to both men and women; Ellen Key dwelt on their "ineradicable" differences. Free-

[1] "A Survey of the Woman Problem." Heinemann, London.

dom and growth for women, in Mrs. Gilman's philosophy, meant a humanizing process; with Ellen Key, a maternalizing one.

Both Olive Schreiner and Charlotte Gilman regarded motherhood as a great natural function with the complete fulfillment of which a woman's vocation in life is not incompatible. Ellen Key believed that there is an "insoluble conflict" between motherhood and a vocation; that motherhood, supported by the State or a "paternity assessment", *is* woman's ideal vocation. "The amaternal soul," she concluded, "not only confirms the worst apprehensions of men in regard to the results of the woman movement, but also constitutes the greatest danger to the woman movement itself. For the amaternal ideas will evoke a violent reaction *on the part of men,* in case such a reaction does not appear at an early stage on the part of women."

Hitherto, one had observed only the antagonism of feminists and anti-feminists. Now it appeared there were two emergent forces in the woman movement itself, directly opposed, "Human Feminists" and "Female Feminists", creat-

ing a three-sided and somewhat confusing warfare. Ellen Key's warning to the "Human Feminists" that the sex antagonism and hatred they provoked might lead to a sex war was sufficiently frightful; but Sir Almroth Wright, a London physician, and an American professor of biology were more sensational. If rebellious and reprehensible women, this professor cautioned (somehow in kindness one withholds his name), persisted in their clamor for social equality with men, a "rough male power" would arise to place them "where it chooses." "With all sense of chivalry, of tenderness, of veneration gone," he solemnly added, "and nothing but fleshly desire left, the status to which that masculine strength may relegate women will be a subjection in fact and not merely in theory."

The old "brute-in-man" argument, appearing at this late date (it was the spring of 1914), occasioned little more than a ripple of amusement amongst the feminists; and it was shortly dismissed by an irate fellow professor as "medieval", "insulting" and "fatuous." Whilst Ellen

Key's attack on "amaternal" feminism, her glorification of the "new mother", making of maternalism a kind of religious cult (with a subordinate paternalism),[1] drew from Charlotte Gilman a most important admission. "I am not primarily a 'feminist,' but a humanist," she stated. It was, one thinks, the beginning of the end of feminism; and the same declaration might have been made, with equal sincerity and truth, by all the great English feminists — both men and women — since Mary Wollstonecraft.

This militancy of thought was powerfully reflected in all forms of literature. Sir Edward Cook, in his biography of Florence Nightingale, completely destroyed the "plaster saint" of masculine legend, Longfellow's sentimental "Lady of the Lamp", "flitting" about the filthy hospitals of Scutari. He put in its place a woman strong, arrogant and faulty, an administrative genius, a mystic and a "passionate statistician", to whom the events of the Crimean War were but the tragic prelude to a life of heroic reform. And

[1] "It is woman's wisdom which the ancients worshipped. It is this wisdom which must be again respected and followed."

the biographer did more. According to Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, the conservative leader of the English woman suffrage forces, he showed "the gradual development of a new civilization, in which women and the masses of the common people, men and women alike, have an entirely new position and new chances and a new outlook on life."

In England, the plays of Euripides, in the poetic and beautiful translations of Gilbert Murray, particularly "The Trojan Women" and "Medea", became part of the feminist agitation; for although, as his modern interpreter pointed out, masculine tradition said that Euripides was "a notorious castigator of the female sex", in this feminist revolution of ideas, he appeared "an aggressive champion of women." "It's curious to sit here in this little house in the karoo veld," wrote Olive Schreiner to a friend, "and feel that perhaps the thing nearest to you in the world is the brain of that old Greek dead now these two thousand years. . . . It is . . . his deep understanding of woman's position that touches one so."

"Coleridge complained," Professor Murray told us, "that the Greek tragedians could not make a heroine interesting without 'unsexing her.'" But it was precisely this resolute "unsexing" of heroines, from Euripides to Ibsen and Shaw, which thinking men and women most demanded in the drama of 1913. Yet only a few among the lesser dramatists were occupied with the "mixed characters" and unromantic lives of women.

Social diseases and social crimes — prostitution, syphilis, the white slave traffic, abortion, subjects hitherto largely taboo in English literature, came to the fore with terrific intensity in this time of woman's militancy. The performances, in England and America, of the great social tragedies of Brieux, "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés") and "Maternity", had opened the way for many a minor play and novel. Elizabeth Robins, in two dramatic installments in an American magazine, startled her readers with a story of the white slave inferno, "My Little Sister." Coming in the midst of research and revelations, Miss Robins' story was more than

startling. It was insistent. It dwelt in the mind, willing or unwilling. And whether one regarded it as art or propaganda, the appeal was unescapable. "Tiger", a one-act play in verse by Witter Bynner, was equally a challenge of that turbulent time. Maupassant had told the story of a sailor who meets his sister in a brothel; Cunninghame Graham of the sea captain who finds his wife there. It was left for an American poet to present, with unrelenting naturalism, the tragic scene in which a father has his own young daughter served to him by the procuress who unwittingly has captured her. Those final words: "Father! Father, I knew you'd come!" rang through the literature of the day with terrible irony.

If one looks in the "Desk Standard Dictionary" under the word "demimonde", one still finds this definition: "A class of women of equivocal reputation." There are no men, one must conclude, in the half-world; or, if men are to be found, their reputation is not equivocal. For a description of the gentlemen who haunt this shadowy and ill-defined region, one turns to

Cunninghame Graham's original story, "Un Autre Monsieur",[1] where, with unexampled frankness and decency, a woman of the demi-monde is permitted to give her impressions. It is a point of view which has rarely, if ever, found its way into masculine literature, and the story was dictated by the author's chivalry towards women — *all* women.

If the minor dramatists were backward in presenting women realistically, the novelists, both major and minor, were not. So far back as 1905, Edith Wharton, in "The House of Mirth", had given us perhaps the most painful picture in English fiction of the parasitic woman. Mrs. Wharton's knowledge and art left not one shred of sentimental illusion to cover the economic meaning of such a life, its tragic helplessness and negation. By 1913, we were presented with strange heroines and stranger situations. Shrewd, preposterous, declamatory, sincere and courageous, feminist novels came thick and fast. Ellen Glasgow's study of the woman movement was the inspiration for "Virginia",

[1] In "Charity." Duckworth & Co. London. 1912.

a definite work of realistic art which put to shame all current exaggeration and insincerity.

Miss Glasgow had both written and spoken, illuminatingly and with contagious good humor, on the evolution of the heroine in the English novel. Even the realist, when the writer happened to be a man, was all too prone to romance about women, she declared. The "womanly woman" — or rather, man's idea of her — seemed imperishable in our literature, and never stronger, because so beautiful, than in Galsworthy's novel, "The Dark Flower." With equal beauty and exquisite gentleness, Ellen Glasgow, in "Virginia", put to death the "womanly woman" who had played her depressing and ineffectual part from Richardson to the latest novel by Galsworthy or H. G. Wells.

"Virginia" closes an epoch in the lives of women, not only in the South, but North, East and West of the United States. There was no sectionalism in the woman movement, and little nationalism. Miss Glasgow's novel contains dark and painful chapters, familiar haunting figures of women out of the not so distant past; and in

it, we are present, not only at the death of the "womanly woman" but at that precise moment in English fiction when the "strong man" ceases to be. "As a man he [Cyrus Treadwell, the town's "rich man"] may not have been impressive, but as a defeating force who could say that he had not attained his fulfillment? . . . When he died, many things would pass away. . . ."

In 1884, however, the date of Ellen Glasgow's novel, society (and particularly women) was still dominated by the "strong man." Young ladies like her heroine, Virginia, still went to academies presided over by older destitute ladies who "held in common with Mohammed . . . that a man's soul was of greater consequence than a woman's in the eyes of God." Their little bookcases were "filled with sugared falsehoods about life." Their mothers taught them that self-sacrifice, as wives and mothers, was the law of their being. In this society of "strong man" and dependent women, sweet, silent and submissive, furtively rebellious or embarrassingly vocal and vindictive, blossoms Virginia, the "womanly woman."

Virginia . . . had fastened a Jacqueminot rose in the thick dark braid which was wound in a wreath about her head. Above her arched black eyebrows, which lent an expression of surprise and animation to her vivid oval face, her hair was parted, after an earlier fashion, under its plaited crown, and allowed to break in a mist of little curls over her temples. Even in repose there was a joyousness in her look which seemed less the effect of an inward gaiety of mind than of some happy outward accident of form and color. Her eyes, very far apart and set in black lashes, were of a deep soft blue — the blue of wild hyacinths after rain. . . .

Here is the heroine of a thousand masculine tales of romantic love; but here is her story told by a woman and a realist at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It is Virginia's fate (for fate she certainly would have called it) to love and be loved by a rebellious young writer, a charming egotist, Oliver Treadwell. Oliver is a dramatist with social and artistic ideals, and in open revolt against his Uncle Cyrus, the "strong man." He fights for his ideals, but he also marries Virginia, and soon

has a family to support; while the play, on which his hopes are set, is a failure in New York. It is the turning point in Oliver's life — and entirely beyond his wife's comprehension.

From this time on, all things are second best with Oliver. Being a Treadwell, he learns to write successful and money-making plays. He falls in love with the woman who acts his leading parts. He leaves Virginia. The lovely girl, with the charm of an opening rose, the devoted wife, the devoted mother, at the age of forty-five is a faded, somewhat characterless, exquisite gentlewoman. (Oliver "yearned over Virginia, but he could not talk to her.") Her husband has left her; her children are out in the world following their inclinations; for her, there is only an empty home and a daily round of petty occupations.

Virginia walks like an uneasy ghost amid the scenes of her youth and young womanhood. " 'If I could only know why it was — if I could only understand, it might be easier,' she thought. 'But I tried so hard to do what was right, and, whatever the fault was, at least I never failed in

love.'" She never failed in love. That is her epitaph. For with all her love, her sacrifice of self, her essential beauty and occasional maternal and poetic insight, her narrow life, dead to the world outside her home, had dwindled, dwindled until "nothing remained except the long empty years, for she had outlived her usefulness."

In "Virginia", Ellen Glasgow, gently but firmly, put to death man's "womanly woman." Later, in "Barren Ground", equally a masterpiece of poetic realism, she destroyed another persistent masculine fiction, the "fallen woman." The unmarried mother of a child never born is the most upbuilding character in this powerful novel. It is the man, the unmarried father, not the woman, who "falls", and in this particular tragic instance, irretrievably.

REBECCA WEST AND THE *FREEWOMAN*

REBECCA WEST AND THE *FREEWOMAN*

One year before the War, when Dora Marsden still edited the London *Freewoman,* her staff reviewer and assistant editor was a girl of eighteen, who signed her startling articles with the no less startling name of Ibsen's most sinister heroine, Rebecca West. She was the *enfant terrible* of English criticism, impudent, shatteringly witty, with an occasional lightning-like intensity of revelation, and imaginative power. She was neither tolerant nor over-kindly; but one knew that this sometimes crude intolerance was only a matter of impatient youth, and not of limitations. Rebecca West's young eyes were wide open to the abominations of this man-made world, and she meant to destroy them completely with her wit. She was possessed of a terrible, direct, hard-hitting insolence. Occasionally she was stupid, rarely a bore. And with it all, one felt a young, quite tragic sincerity.

Somewhere, Rebecca West tells us that she left school at the age of sixteen, having been "indicted" for writing a poem on "The Death of God" in the cooking class. "I who love learning very greatly," she declares, "fled from school . . . utterly regardless of how precarious the future might be so long as it did not contain the certainty of a university career." It is the old cry of the intellectual, imaginative child when brought in contact with the academic mind — a child whose love of learning, in this instance, was so strong that she could write later of the "intellectual passion of adolescence" as being "more intense and certainly more beautiful than first love."

So Rebecca West left school and "joined the cranks;" which brought her straight to the office of the *Freewoman.* For the feminist movement had evolved its superwoman, or rather, the superwoman was the ultimate expression of that egoistic philosophy of feminism expounded by a young English teacher, Dora Marsden. The *Freewoman* voiced ideas as undemocratic as those of Nietzsche. It discarded the ordinary.

Its creed would be rejected, the editor announced, by three women out of four. Her introductory editorial, which was circulated in pamphlet form by militant American suffragists, bore the title, "Bondwomen."

The writer had read both Nietzsche and Stirner. So had other women. But not one of them had so unflinchingly applied the egoistic philosophy to the woman movement. "Women as a whole," Dora Marsden maintained, "have shown nothing save 'servant' attributes. All those activities which pre-suppose the master qualities, the standard-making, the law-giving, the moral-framing, belong to men. Religions, philosophies, legal codes, standards in morals, canons in art have all issued from men, while women have been the 'followers,' 'believers,' the 'law-abiding,' the 'moral,' the conventionally admiring. They have been the administrators, the servants, living by borrowed precept, receiving orders, doing hodmen's work. For note, though some men must be servants, all women are servants, and all the masters are men. That is the difference and distinction." The *Freewoman,*

then, did not exist to help women "serve the world" (platform oratory, even of the militants!). They already served it slavishly. The *Freewoman* was planning to *remake* the world! When the fragile young editor spoke in public, she was not without the stirring anticipation of physical onslaught.

Rebecca West began her career on such a paper and at a time when English literature and journalism were alive with rebellious writers. In those happy days before the War, it was a constant gay fight in print for one's ideas and opinions; and the assistant editor of the *Freewoman* was soon in the front ranks of the rebels, slashing away at traditions and sanctities.

But there were no sanctities for Rebecca West, even on her own side. She did not sit enrapt, with face uplifted, at the feet of Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells. On the contrary, she pointed a derisive finger at their weaknesses. There is, for instance, no contemporary English novelist of any importance who has such a series of mean and monotonous heroines to his discredit as Mr. Wells. One noticed the fact, of course, but kept

quiet, absorbed in the miracle of his performances. It required a Rebecca West to write of the heroine in "Passionate Friends": ". . . that born pawnbroker cheated of her destiny, who was continually termed by her creator 'gallant', but who would have faced life gallantly only under the cheerful gleam of three golden balls."

In 1914, Miss West became a regular contributor to an American weekly, enlivening the cautious progressivism of its pages with her headlong articles. But it was a somewhat chastened Rebecca, less socialistic, more romantic, proclaiming art — and particularly the artist — with a capital A, until she publicly mourned over "Mr. Shaw's Diverted Genius", and threw a stone at the Fabian Society. (The Society, by the way, must have quite a heap from the hands of disaffected youth!) Her romanticism began to take unexpected turns until it arrived squarely at the last pitfall of the young revolutionary writer — the wisdom and glory of the proletariat. For it was not Tolstoy, Rebecca West declared, who made a "beloved hobby" of the Russian peasants, or Turgeniev with his "conde-

scending smile", who wrote the story of Russia, but "the poor man, the starveling Dostoevsky, the shopman's son, Tchekhov, the hawker, Gorky."

The War sobered Rebecca West; and it made her somewhat more conventional. She wrote about "The Women of England" (a title which might have suggested itself to Mrs. Humphrey Ward) for a conservative American monthly; and she wrote acceptably. One settled down! But presently the curious reader was sitting up again at that masterpiece of journalistic wit and impudence, her article on Ellen Key, entitled "Eroto-Priggery."

For years, Ellen Key had been proclaimed solemnly the teacher of a higher sexual and social ethics. What she had really given us, according to Rebecca West, was "eroto-priggery", a new kind of worship of Eros; and for this reason, not for any high ethical teaching, she had "won her place in the heart of nations." To this worship, the entire life of woman must be dedicated; and if she misses sexual love, her "personality is as dust by the roadside."

It had already been remarked, though not conspicuously in print, that Ellen Key's ethics were an old maid's philosophy. No one but Rebecca West, however, ventured the definite statement that the famous Swedish woman's voluminous works merely marked "the first appearance of the Victorian aunt as a philosopher." That adoration of the mother and child relation which no real mother ever seems to feel, and from which the normal child must shrink; that making of "spiritual capital" out of motherhood (a shabby trick to cover incompetence!), was, in the opinion of Rebecca West, the unpleasant "fruit of eroto-priggery."

Moreover, the great priestess-philosopher was afflicted with an ambiguity of statement which often made her meaning doubtful. The present writer happened to discover, one day, in pasting a quotation from the new philosophy on her copy, that it was quite possible to cut a paragraph in two, place the end before the beginning, and read it with equal understanding either way. Did she call attention to any lack of clearness in her eloquent author? She did not. It was

young Rebecca West who, heedlessly trampling on Greatness and Goodness, made a puzzled and polite world her debtor. "One averts the eye from this confused welter of mental activity," she stated; and her "suspicion" that Ellen Key "was one of those pure but unfortunate souls to whom God reveals himself in the form of platitudes," became forthwith "a certainty."

Rebecca West not only sobered down during the War, she developed quite beautifully. In a very few years, she had grown from those shock-or-nothing articles in the *Freewoman* to such big unaffected criticism as her "Redemption and Dostoevsky." "On what intellectual bases," she now questioned, "ought a man to rebuild his life if he wanted to . . . become unalterably a part of the glory of the universe, the apprehension of which is religion?" The study of Dostoevsky showed unexpected depth and gentleness. There could no longer be any doubt that this independent young woman possessed a keen critical intelligence, deep-penetrating, fearless and truly reverent.

Then came "The World's Worst Failure" —

woman, of course, which proved to be Rebecca West's worst failure — at least, in the opinion of the present writer. That the over-feminization of women has worked disastrously, not only to their humanity but to the whole human race, was not an original argument. It had already been presented with all the eloquence of Olive Schreiner and the shining power of Charlotte Gilman's poetry and philosophy. Rebecca West contributed nothing new but some picturesque instances and a yellow-journalistic title.

But quickly she atoned. Always she atones! For one of the most lively and provocative little books to give relief in a war-tortured world was her biographical and critical study of Henry James. One remembered her experience, "On Reading Henry James in War-time", one night while a Zeppelin was active overhead; and keeping on her clothes, "in case the protecting sex should aim straight," the indefatigable young critic hid from fear "in the branching complexities of æsthetic theory, the intricate undergrowth of subtle perceptions" in "Notes on Novelists."

Rebecca West's most original contribution to

the literature which had begun to thicken foggily about Henry James, concerned his heroines — his "persistent presentation of woman not as a human but as a sexual being." It led him, she asserted, to the end of "A London Life," where a young lady clings to an embarrassed gentleman as her only "chance" for continued social existence. "There is nothing more humiliating to women in all fiction," said Rebecca West. She forgot, for the moment, H. G. Wells's offenses, and the fact that nothing but Mr. Galsworthy's enveloping pity saves him from a worse charge.

The little book, after all its stupidities and witty antics, its astonishing penetration and impudence, ended in a glowing young tribute to Henry James's art — Rebecca West sitting at the feet of Henry James, herself profoundly stirred to creative effort. Two years later, as one might have foreseen, came her own first published book of fiction, an original story, not a novel, with its timely title, "The Return of the Soldier."

In a review of H. G. Wells's "Research Magnificent", Rebecca West sounded the first note

of her story when she wrote: "If aristocracy be our aim and if it means fineness and honesty, then this little woman who spends the wealth of the world on the decoration of her mean little body is an offence to the spirit." Such a parasitic creature, she portrays in Kitty Baldry, a clear-cut work of art (like a Sargent painting of Mrs. . . . , all clothes, with a wiped-out face), made more contemptible by sharpest contrast with a woman whose life is love and service.

It was something new in English fiction for a writer to reveal beauty in a woman whose outward appearance, due to work and poverty, could be thus described:

Just beneath us, in one of Kitty's prettiest chintz armchairs, sat a middle-aged woman. She wore a yellowish raincoat and a black hat with plumes. The sticky straw hat had only lately been renovated by something out of a little bottle bought at the chemist's. She had rolled her black thread gloves into a ball on her lap, so that she could turn her gray alpaca skirt well above her muddy boots and adjust its brush-braid with a seamed red hand that looked even

more worn when she presently raised it to touch the glistening flowers of the pink azalea that stood on a table beside her. Kitty shivered . . .

Yet later, this woman's personality is "sounding through her squalor like a beautiful voice singing in a darkened room." "She's charity and love itself," says her lover.

The author wrote of her little group of imaginary people with the same intensity and piercing insight, the same intolerance and shattering wit which she had brought to her critical studies. There was, also, the same dangerous tendency towards over-emphasis and exaggeration, even to the point of caricature. Yet she let her people develop according to their characters and enact their tragic and beautiful story. One found, on the whole, a certain conservatism — the conservatism of the artist who is, perforce, preoccupied with matters of form, not of propaganda, with bringing to roundness and completion the great affairs of human experience. For after "The Return of the Soldier" there could be no doubt whatever that Rebecca West possessed what had already partly revealed itself in

her criticism — the supreme gift in literature, a creative imagination.

Rebecca West is now a celebrity. She lectures; and, like most writers, she does not speak publicly as well as she writes. Her first novel, "The Judge" (with its arresting words, "Every mother is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father"), was strangely pathological, repellent and confused. Her criticisms are now too often obscure or word-entangled. Yet still one is confident—confident that Rebecca West will survive her celebrity, and, with all her ardent and untrammeled thinking, return to the clarity and continuity of her earlier work, and achieve in the novel the original beauty of her first book of fiction.

In Rebecca West, militant feminism found its most startling literary expression.

CONCLUSION

CONCLUSION

John Stuart Mill foresaw the time when "women themselves have told all that they have to tell." That time, one thinks, has almost, if not quite, arrived. We are all human now. The feminist tradition in English literature — feminism narrow and intense, rising from the age-long economic and political subjection of women — did not survive 1914 and women's wide enfranchisement in anything like its pre-War strength and character.

Present-day women writers are more a *result* of the feminist movement than part of it. Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf are certainly not feminists, but the freedom and frankness of their exquisite art could hardly exist were it not for their feminist predecessors. Even Stella Benson, in "The Little World", finds in the woman movement only a matter of reminiscent wit. While Rose Macaulay, supremely the

social satirist which feminism has evolved, regards the whole subject with more or less historical detachment. A type, she says, in speaking of a woman delegate to that enigmatical Assembly at Geneva,[1] "which used to be called, in the old days when it flourished in Great Britain, *feminist*. . . ." Again, in the same political satire, one finds: "The New Woman? Is there a New Woman? I don't know the phrase . . . I know no more of woman questions than of man questions. . . . There is an infinity of questions you may ask about all human beings." Feminism, one must conclude, is now relegated to the scrap-bag of topics for magazines and the Sunday press.

For the feminist tradition passes with the reason for its existence, and as life, for both men and women, broadens and deepens; as serious writers, both men and women, concern themselves, not with sex differences but with the great mutual affairs of human growth and aspiration. The true history of feminism will be found, one thinks, not in books of propaganda and politics,

[1] "Mystery at Geneva." Boni & Liveright.

which rarely survive their immediate usefulness, but in imaginative literature. Gustave Flaubert's proud assertion for writers everywhere, "It is we, and we alone, who are the tradition of humanity," holds true here. The feminist writers *are* the feminist tradition.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

"A Vindication of the Rights of Men, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke." 1790.

"A Vindication of the Rights of Woman." 1792. With an Introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: Walter Scott. 1892. With an Introduction by Professor G. E. G. Catlin. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. (Everyman's Library) 1929.

"Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution, and the Effect it has produced in Europe." 1794.

Letters Written during a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. 1796.

"The Wrongs of Woman, or Maria." Posthumous Works. 1798.

"Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft." By William Godwin. 1799. London: Constable & Company. 1927.

"Mary Wollstonecraft; Letters to Imlay." With prefatory memoir by C. Kegan Paul. London: C. K. Paul & Company. 1879.

"Life of Mary Wollstonecraft." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Famous Women) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

"Mary Wollstonecraft. A Study in Economics and Ro-

mance." By G. R. Stirling Taylor. New York: John Lane Company. 1911.

MARGARET FULLER

"Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and Kindred Papers Relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman." By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. With an Introduction by Horace Greeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

"Margaret Fuller Ossoli." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (American Men of Letters) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1891.

"Margaret Fuller and Goethe." By Frederick Augustus Braun. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1910.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

"The Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Edited by Harriet Waters Preston. (Cambridge Edition) Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Elizabeth Barrett Browning." By John H. Ingram. (Famous Women) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.

"The Victorian Age in Literature." By G. K. Chesterton. (Home University Library) New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1913.

THE BRONTËS

"The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." (1848) By Anne Brontë. "Jane Eyre" (1847), "Shirley" (1849), "The Professor" (not published until 1857). By Charlotte Brontë. "Wuthering Heights." (1847) By Emily Brontë. In the Haworth Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Everyman's Library. With Introductions by May Sinclair.

London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

"The Life of Charlotte Brontë." By Mrs. Gaskell. 1857. With an Introduction and Notes by Clement Shorter. The Haworth Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

"Emily Brontë." By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Famous Women) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1896.

"The Brontës: Life and Letters." By Clement Shorter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

"The Three Brontës." By May Sinclair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

"The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë." Edited by Clement Shorter. Arranged and Collated, with Bibliography and Notes, by C. W. Hatfield. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1923.

JOHN STUART MILL

"The Subjection of Women." 1869. Edited, with an Introductory Analysis, by Stanton Coit, Ph.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Company. 1909. With a Foreword by Carrie Chapman Catt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1911. With an Introduction by Professor G. E. G. Catlin. (Everyman's Library) London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929.

GEORGE ELIOT

"Adam Bede." 1859.

"The Mill on the Floss." 1860.

"Romola." 1863.

"Armgart. A Dramatic Poem." 1870.

"Middlemarch." 1872.

"Daniel Deronda." 1876.

"George Eliot's Life, as Related in Her Letters and Journals." Arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

GEORGE MEREDITH

"The Egoist." 1879.

"Diana of the Crossways." 1885.

"Lord Ormont and His Aminta." 1894.

"The Amazing Marriage." 1895.

"The Poetical Works of George Meredith." With Some Notes by G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

"Letters of George Meredith." Collected and Edited by His Son. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

OLIVE SCHREINER

"The Story of an African Farm." Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1883.

"Dreams." 1891. With an Introduction by Amy Wellington. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1915.

"Dream Life and Real Life." (The Pseudonym Library) London: T. Fisher Unwin. First edition, 1893.

"Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

"Closer Union. A Letter on the South African Union and the Principles of Government." London: A. C. Fifield. 1909.

"Woman and Labor." London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1911.

"Thoughts on South Africa." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1923.

"From Man to Man (or Perhaps Only —)." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1926.

"The Life of Olive Schreiner." By S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1924.

"The Letters of Olive Schreiner." Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1924.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

"In This Our World." 1893. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1898. New York: The Charlton Company. 1910.

"Women and Economics." Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1898. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

"The Yellow Wall Paper." A Short Story Printed in the *New England Magazine* of January, 1892. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1899. In "Great Modern American Stories." Edited by W. D. Howells. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1920. In "American Mystery Stories." Oxford University Press. 1927.

"Concerning Children." Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1901. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

"The Home. Its Work and Influence." New York: McClure, Phillips & Company. 1903. New York: The Charlton Company. 1910.

"Human Work." New York: McClure, Phillips & Company. 1904. New York: The Charlton Company. 1910.

The *Forerunner*. A Monthly Magazine. Written, edited and published by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 1909–1916.

"The Man-made World, or Our Androcentric Culture." New York: The Charlton Company. 1911.

"His Religion and Hers. A Study of the Faith of Our Fathers and the Work of Our Mothers." New York: The Century Company. 1923.

MAY SINCLAIR

"The Tysons." 1906.

"Defence of Man." An article printed in the *English Review* and the *Forum*, 1912.

"The Flaw in the Crystal." New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1912. In "Uncanny Stories." The Macmillan Company. 1923.

The following novels, books of philosophy and poetry are published by the Macmillan Company:

"The Three Sisters." 1914.

"A Journal of Impressions in Belgium." 1915.

"The Tree of Heaven." 1917.

"A Defence of Idealism: Some Questions and Conclusions." 1917.

"Mary Olivier: A Life." 1919.

"The Romantic." 1920.

"Mr. Waddington of Wyck." 1922.

"Anne Severn and the Fieldings." 1922.

"The New Idealism." 1922.

"The Dark Night." 1924.

MILITANCY AND ELLEN GLASGOW

"The Morality of Women, and Other Essays." Author-

ized translation from the Swedish of Ellen Key, by Namah Bouton Bothwick. Chicago: The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company. 1911.

"The Woman Movement." By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

"Woman in a New World." A series of articles by Ellen Key, in *Harper's Weekly,* 1914.

"A Survey of the Woman Problem." By Rosa Mayreder. Translated by Herman Scheffauer. London: Heinemann. 1913.

"The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage." By Sir Almroth E. Wright. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 1913.

"The Life of Florence Nightingale." By Sir Edward Cook. The Macmillan Company. 1913.

"Euripides and His Age." By Gilbert Murray. (Home University Library) New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1913.

"Three Plays by Brieux." With Preface by Bernard Shaw. English Versions by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, St. John Hankin and John Pollock. New York: Brentano's. 1913.

"My Little Sister." By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1913.

"Tiger." By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1913.

"Charity." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Duckworth & Company. 1912.

"The House of Mirth." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

"Feminism." An article by Ellen Glasgow, in the *New York Times* of November 30, 1913.

"Virginia." By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Company. 1913.

"Barren Ground." By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Company. 1925.

REBECCA WEST

Reviews and articles in the *Freewoman*. 1911 to 1913.

Reviews and articles in the *New Republic*. 1914 to 1917.

"Notes on Novels", in the *New Statesman*. 1920 to 1922.

"Henry James." (Writers of the Day) New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1916.

"The Return of the Soldier." New York: The Century Company. 1918.

"The Judge." London: Hutchinson & Company. 1922.

"The Strange Necessity. Essays and Reviews." London and New York: Jonathan Cape. 1928.

CHRISTIAN HERITAGE COLLEGE LIBRARY
Women have told ; studies in th
301.412 W452w
3058222
P9-BVQ-402